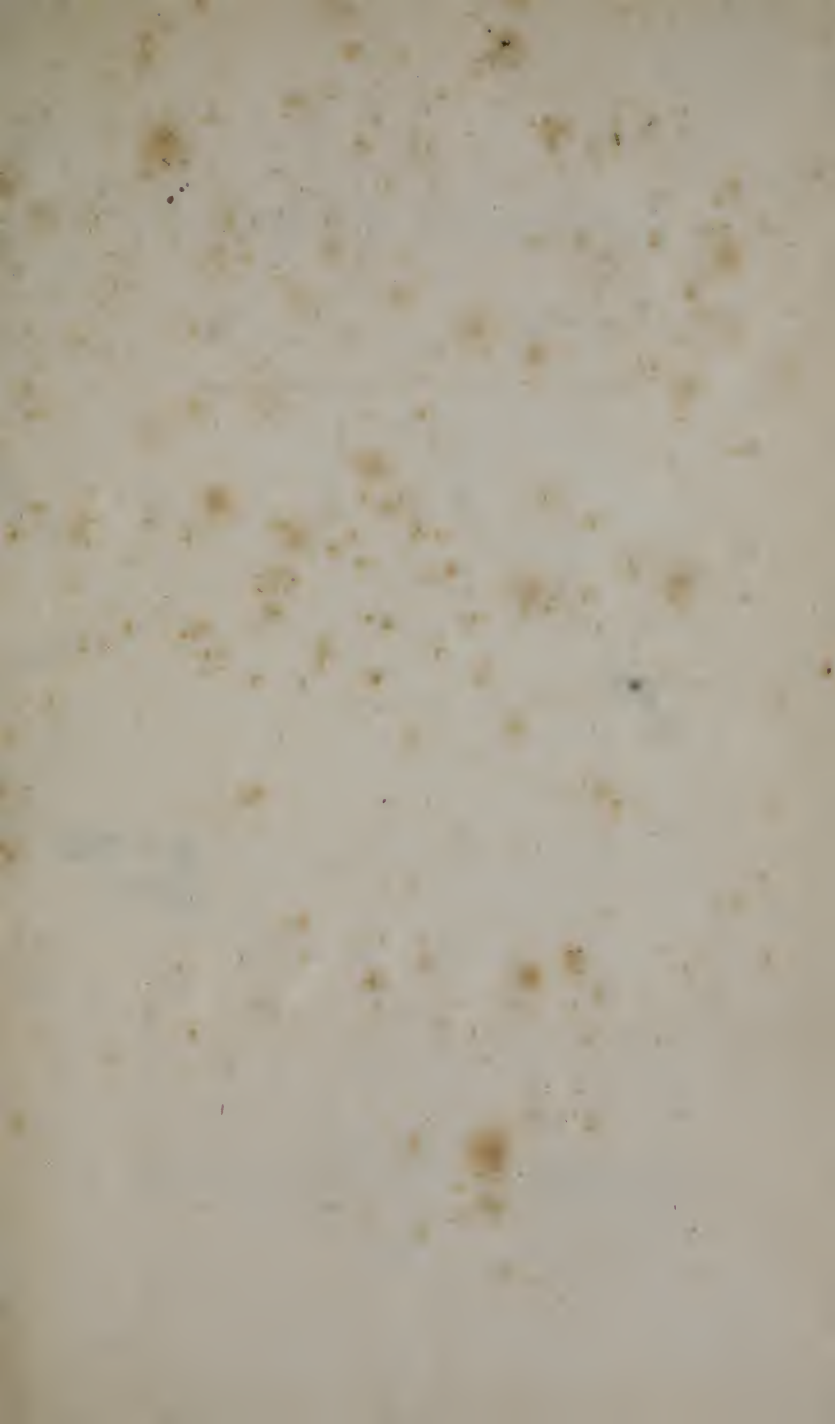
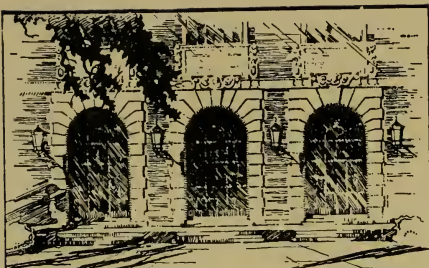




Robert. Henricus.





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A
COUNTRY CURATE'S
AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

OR PASSAGES OF
A LIFE WITHOUT A LIVING.

~~~~~  
Curo—curas—curavi.

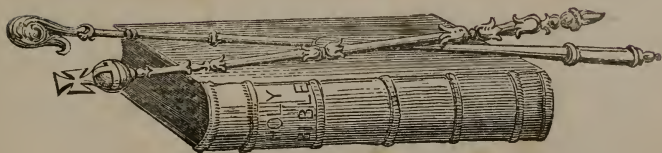
*Var. Lect.*

Curo—curavi—curas.

*(Translation,)*

Cares are my lot, and cares have ever been—  
A Curate I—

~~~~~



IN TWO VOLUMES.

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A COUNTRY CURATE'S

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXIV

What will not opiniators and self-believing men dispute of and make doubt of?

RALEIGH.

MY BROTHER'S FIRST LETTER.

“ Dear Brother,

“ I at length send you the picture so long promised, and hope it may reach you without damage. Should any of the ornamental work be broken in carriage, you must adjust the bits with a little thin glue. That it may long decorate your house, wherever fate bears you, I sincerely trust, and that the divine Being whom it represents may make it more than a talisman of prosperity and domestic happiness to you, I most

fervently hope and wish. If I have still a thought in association with my present to you, it is that in the event of your surviving myself, and living to find your hair silvered with age and your heart slaked of its vain thirst after the vainer things of time, you will lift up a prayer to Heaven for the soul of him who did it during his wanderings on earth !

“ As to our promised debate, I have just been reading a book which furnishes an ample store of information, valuable as it is interesting, upon the history of what has been called our *Reformation*. You already know my *penchant* for the *ancient faith* of Christianity, and will not be surprised to learn that I have read a book written by Cobbett, with more than ordinary satisfaction. He has raked together, indeed, a heap of convincing proofs ; but, as he speaks for himself much more eloquently than I can in behalf of either him or his book, I shall offer you an extract or two, and the rather because I know your *orthodoxy* would not admit to a place on your shelves, such a volume as Cobbett's ‘ *Protestant Reformation*.’

“ ‘ Now let us put a plain question or two to ourselves, and to these our teachers ; and we shall quickly be able to form a just estimate of the *modesty*, *sincerity*, and *consistency* of these revilers of the Catholic religion. They will not, because they cannot

deny, that this religion was the ONLY CHRISTIAN religion in the world for *fifteen hundred years* after the death of Christ. They may say, indeed, that for the first *three hundred years* there was no POPE seated at Rome. But, then, for *twelve hundred years* there had been ; and, during that period, all the nations of Europe, and some part of America had become Christian, and all acknowledged the POPE as their head in religious matters ; and, in short, there was *no other* Christian church known in the world, nor had any other ever been thought of.’

“ Thus have we, nationally, despised and rejected a religion, the antiquity and duration of which, when compared with the mushroom growth and stature of the religion of the Church of England, commands our reverence, and that we should hasten, with confusion of face, to acknowledge our error and pray to be restored to the *one fold under one shepherd*.

“ You, I am aware, will lay to the charge of our former church all those pollutions, deformities and abuses so current in the mouths of your order ; but, in the words of a man of integrity of purpose such as scarcely ever existed before, I pursue, in answer to this accusation, the course of my extracts :

“ ‘ Can we believe, then, that Christ, who died to save sinners, who sent forth his Gospel as the means of their salvation, would have suffered a *false* Christian

religion, and *no other* than a false Christian religion to be known amongst men all this while? Will these *modest* assailants of the faith of their and our ancestors assert to our faces, that for twelve hundred years at least, there were no true Christians in the world? Will they tell us that Christ, who promised to be with the teachers of his word to the end of the world wholly left them, and gave up hundreds upon hundreds of millions of people to be led in darkness to their eternal perdition by one whom his inspired followers had denominated the '*man of sin*' and the *scarlet whore*?' Will they, indeed, dare to tell us, that Christ gave up the world wholly to '*anti-christ*' for twelve hundred years? Yet this they must do; they must thus stand forward with bold and unblushing blasphemy; or they must confess themselves guilty of the most atrocious calumny against the Catholic religion.

" 'Then, coming nearer home, and closer to our own bosoms, our ancestors became Christians about *six hundred years* after the death of Christ. And *how* did they become Christians? *Who* first pronounced the name of Christ to this land? *Who* converted the English from *paganism* to Christianity? Some *Protestant* saint, doubtless, warm from a victory like that of SKIBBEREEN? Oh, no! The work was begun, continued, and ended by the POPES, one of whom sent

over some *Monks*, who settled at *Canterbury*, and from whose beginning the Christian religion spread, like the grain of mustard-seed, rapidly over the land.'

"I would here terminate my selection; but, in raptures of admiration of the man who has left behind him such a brilliant *exposé* of the folly to which I, and you, and our fathers for many generations, have been so tied and bound, I cannot forbear advancing a few steps further into this fairy-like palace of truth.

" 'What, then, will our *kind teachers* tell us, that it was the '*scarlet whore*,' and '*anti-christ*,' who brought the glad tidings of the Gospel into England? Will they tell us, too, that all the millions and hundreds of millions of English people, who died during these nine hundred years, expired without the smallest chance of salvation? Will they tell us, that all our fathers, who first built our churches, and whose flesh and bones form the earth for many feet deep in all the church-yards; will they tell us that all these are now howling in the regions of the d—d? Nature beats at our bosom, and bids us shudder at the impious, the horrid thought! Yet, this, even this, these presumptuous men must tell us; or they must confess their base calumny, in calling the POPE '*anti-christ*,' and the Catholic worship '*idolatrous*' and its doctrines '*damnable* :—(*Introduction.*)

“ The New Testament, which I am willing to receive as a book written by the men—the holy men, whose names are ascribed to its different parts, is what Protestants rely on for the confirmation of all their ideas of error in the Roman Catholic church; but, is it possible that, had there been any ground for such imputations, this church would have been the donor of it to this and every other Christian country? For, ‘ *how did we come by this New Testament? Who gave us this real and genuine ‘word of God?’ From whom did we receive these ‘words of eternal life?’* * * * * What a shocking fact, that we should have received this book from that POPE and that CATHOLIC CHURCH, to make us believe that the first of whom is the *whore of Babylon*, and that the worship of the last is *idolatrous* and her doctrines *damnable*, you, Joshua, and your society for ‘promoting *Christian* knowledge,’ are now, at this very moment, publishing and pushing into circulation, no less than *seventeen* different books and tracts!’—*Ibid.*

“ I will not, at present, make further use of this writer than to say, that I identify my feelings in favour of *Catholicism* entirely with what he has written.

* * * * *

“ I remain,

“ Your very affectionate brother

“ * * * ”

My answer will form a succeeding chapter; but, in the interim, I must say a word or two, while B.'s observation on the fallacy of supposing Gregory's mission to be the introduction of Christianity, is ripe in my remembrance.

And is it really believed by even Mr. Cobbett's admirers—(and in this I myself cannot but admire)—that the *dictum* which he has herein pronounced is true? It is, let us hope, an instance of the facility with which great minds may be deceived into the error of asserting what they do not know to be true, merely because they have never inquired whether it be true or false. Do they believe that this land of ours never felt the genial influence of the Gospel before *six hundred years* after the death of Christ? Do they, can they think that England had been under the yoke of the Romans for *four hundred years*—that Roman armies had been marched through every part of it, and encampments, towns and cities, filled with Romans, rose up in every part of it—that a Roman emperor had died a natural death at York—that the Romans had constructed a vast wall across the island still further north—that Christianity had become so common at Rome, that it pervaded every where—that the Christians were so numerous, indeed, even in Nero's time, that he diabolically charged them with his own crime of setting fire to the city, and slaugh-

tered thousands of them—Could all this be within *four* centuries of the birth of Christ, and yet no knowledge of his Gospel reach our shores until *six* hundred years after his death? Fie! Mr. Cobbett, fie! You did not even think so.

“Who first pronounced the name of Christ to this land?” indeed. Shade of Cobbett! thine own sarcasm shall reply—“*Some Protestant saint, DOUBTLESS.*” Some saint, like Paul, who protested, in spite of cruel threatenings, mockings, tortures, opposition and death in various forms, against the “*paganism*” of the ancient Britons—not “the English.” This is exactly the tale by which the poor, benighted natives of the sister Isle are cajoled into a veneration for those who lord it over *God’s* heritage.—“The work,” say they, “was begun, continued, and ended by the *POPES*, one of whom sent over some *Monks*, who settled at *Canterbury*, and from whose beginning, the Christian religion spread, like the grain of mustard-seed, rapidly over the land.”

Now, we hope to show that the work of Christianity began and was continued in England, long—centuries—before the time to which this writer alludes, and even before any man, called the *Pope*, ever existed; and that, allowing this mission of Monks *every* honour to which it may lay claim, its era can be distinguished only by a *confirmation* of

Christianity in our island, by the emissaries from the *Church at Rome*, of *that* period—not by the Roman (soi-disant) *Catholic* church, of any subsequent period. But the subject demands that we should enter upon a new chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it. ——— And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.

ACTS, *ad fin.*

LET us recollect that what we must attempt to show, in contradiction to what is asserted by the enemies of the Church of England, whether Papists, Infidels, or Dissenters—for, strange to say, they all conspire in this—is, that Christianity *was* introduced into England *long* before the end of the sixth century.

In all inquiries into the events of by-gone periods far removed, conjecture, founded on tradition, is unavoidably mixed up with positive proof; and it is

only when a harmony consists between them, that the former is entitled to any serious belief. The history of *Tom Thumb*, or of *Jack the Giant Killer*, for instance, no one seriously believes, because positive proof is awanting ; although the grave of the former is pretended to be shown in (I think it is) the Cathedral at Lincoln, and the latter has some slight connection with reputable fact. But no honest person will attach to the traditions which pertain to our subject the absurdity which belongs to such tales ; for, in the first place, we lay claim to nothing improbable, but, on the contrary, that which is highly probable, and which could not well have *not* happened, and, secondly, we are sustained by collateral proofs of a kind strictly *positive*.

Most writers affect an undue and over-wrought degree of candour, in disclaiming the various accounts we have, that Britain was visited by St. Paul, or others of the Apostles ; and, what will appear strange to the advocates of Gregory's claim to the honour of causing "the name of Christ" to be "first pronounced to this land," they reject them upon the ground that they rest upon no better authority than *Popish* legends. We, however, by no means disclaim or reject them. The *Popish* legends of that period were very creditable ; for it can never be too often sounded in the ears of this eye-shutting gene-

ration that the Popes of the *sixteenth* were not the Popes of the *seventh* century—that nine hundred years made *some* impression upon the church of Rome, and accumulated *some* dust to her cloisters.

The positive collateral proof which we have in support of these traditions is strong and convincing. We know, if we know any thing, that, in the age of the Apostles, Britain was in the hands of the Romans: we know that at Rome there were so many Christians in St. Paul's time, that he has left behind him a long and elaborate epistle to them: we know that the spirit of the Gospel was to *propagate and spread* the doctrines of Christianity: we know that the Apostles, and St. Paul in particular, were under the full and practical influence of this spirit; and we cannot but believe the same of all the Christians of their time, because the last mandate of their Master was—"Go ye *into all the world*, and *preach the Gospel unto every creature*."

Now, knowing all these things as positive fact, can we reject, altogether, the tradition that Joseph of Arimathæa preached the Gospel in England—that he, whose love for our Saviour led him to perform the pious but most dangerous task of begging his murdered body, that he might consign it to his own new tomb, proclaimed to the ears of Britons *glad tidings of salvation*? What reason could there be to

invent the story? who or what could be profited by the invention? “Gildas,” says an author of great credit, “declares ‘*Evangelii* lumen in Britannia radiasse,*’ in the last year of Tiberius—the *fifth* year after the death of Christ; and this declaration of Gildas is confirmed by Baronius, upon the authority of a very ancient manuscript of the History of England, by which it appears that Christianity was brought into Britain about that time by Joseph of Arimathæa and his company.”† And every body knows that the founding of Glastonbury Abbey, and the planting of its holy thorn, have, from time immemorial, been assigned to the same early Christian.

That *there was a Christian church planted in Britain, during the Apostles’ time*, is a great thing to affirm, when we are combating only the assertion that *the Pope first pronounced the name of Christ to this land, nearly six hundred years later*; but it rests upon very respectable authority. *Eusebius* affirms, in his *Evangelical Demonstrations* (lib. iii. c. 7,) that *some of the Apostles preached the Gospel in the British islands*. *Theodoret* expressly names the Britons as converts to Christianity in the age of the Apostles, and says, *St. Paul brought salvation to the islands that lie in the*

* “That the light of the Gospel had been spread abroad—*had radiated—in Britain.*”

† Lord Clarendon’s *Religion and Policy*, vol. i, p. 18.

ocean (vol. i. in Psal. cxvi.) *St. Jerom* (in Amos c. 5.) testifies that *St. Paul*, after his imprisonment, preached the Gospel in the western parts. And *Clement*, in an Epistle to the Corinthians, considered genuine, though not canonical, says, *St. Paul preached righteousness through the whole world, and in so doing went to THE UTMOST BOUND OF THE WEST*—a term necessarily including the British islands, and certainly Britain, as all know who are acquainted with the phrase as used by the historians and poets of that age.

This *Clement* was the bishop (the word *Pope* was not yet invented) of Rome, and lived at such an early period, that he is mentioned by *St. Paul* in his Epistle to the Philippians (iv. 3.), as a fellow-labourer. The other writers mentioned are of an antiquity, which, descending gradually through the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, gives every reason to place in their relations of matters-of-fact an implicit confidence. Upon the whole, we are warranted in believing, with Bishop Lloyd, that Christianity flourished in Britain long before it became the *established* religion at Rome ;* for, after having preached in this island, and confirmed the church already planted, the Apostle Paul was beheaded at Rome,

* See his "Historical Account," p. 48, second edit.

by the orders of the Roman Emperor, in a general persecution of the Christian multitude already recognized in that vast city. Indeed, every book upon the subject so represents Christians to have been incorporated with the Romans, down from the palace of the emperor to the fisherman's hut, that to suppose these to have had the dominion of Britain for four hundred years without the name of Christ ever having been *pronounced*, is too absurd even for the taste of an admirer of Mr. Cobbett's energetic writings. Soldiers, in the Roman army, were, we know from the Bible, *convertible* to Christianity : but Britain was not only the station of thousands of soldiers ; it was in all respects a Roman province, or colony.

But, what will Mr. Cobbett's *manes* say to Christian bishops in Britain—in England, about the *fourth* century? For, if we may credit the testimony of Sulpitius Severus, three *of the* British bishops were present at a council held at Ariminum, on account of the Arian heresy ; and that, “being very poor, they accepted of the munificence of the emperor (Constantius), who ordered their expenses to be paid out of the imperial treasury, rather than be burdensome to their brethren who had offered to contribute to their necessities.”—See Sul. Sev. b. ii.

ch. 55.* This Constantius, the father of Constantine, who made Christianity the established religion of the Roman empire, died at York in 306.

More, however, than this, if Archbishop Usher is to be believed, so early as the year 182 there was a school for educating the British youth for the ministry of the Christian church; and in the *fourth* century, Dubricius and Illutus were celebrated as teachers: and their seminaries are considered by some as the first Christian universities that were planted in England.

After the abandonment of our island by the Romans, whose affairs at home called them and all their forces from abroad, the Saxon dominion was unfavourable to Christianity; but who will affirm that it was subversive of it? *My word shall not return unto me void*, is the declaration of the Almighty, and it is not likely that Christianity, which was now

* I cannot forbear giving the words of this testimony:—"Ita missis per Illyricum, Italiam, Africam, Hispanias Galliasque, magistris officialibus, acciti numerative quadringenti et aliquanto amplius Occidentales Episcopi, Ariminum convenere: quibus omnibus annonas et cellaria dare Imperator præceperat: sed id nostris (id est Aquitanis, Gallis ac Britannis)† indecens visum: repudiatis fiscalibus, propriis sumptibus vivere maluerunt. Tres tantum ex Britannia, inopia proprii, publico usi sunt, cum oblatam a cæteris collationem respuissent; sanctius putantes fiscum gravare, quam singulos."

† Sigonius thinks this an interpolation; but it matters not.

(A. D. 449,) *spreading, like the grain of mustard-seed, rapidly over all lands* in which it had been preached, notwithstanding the opposition of pagan greatness and heathen mightiness, was any thing like *extirpated* in our land by the Saxon invasion.

About 432, Ireland is supposed to have received the Gospel, by the preaching of St. Patrick—called also Succathus—who was a Scotchman. He planted the archbishopric of Armagh.

We have, also, many indirect testimonies to the existence of a Christian church in England, long before the time of Pope Gregory. One of the most dangerous heresies which ever scourged the church had its origin in a Briton, named Pelagius, whose companion in error was an Irishman called Cælestius. This heresy marked the *fifth* century; and Mr. Cobbett makes “this land” first receiving “the name of Christ” in the *seventh*. *Two hundred* years are not a little while, to say nothing of the difference between the two states of a people hearing, *for the first time*, the sound of the Gospel, and being so clearly possessed of a gospel-church that it was much unsettled by *heresy*.

Besides this, much that is equally pertinent may be read in *Milner's Works*.

We admit that the Christianity of this island was in a declining state, through the tyranny of the

Saxons, when Pope Gregory's mission arrived in Kent; but whether or not, the Church of England would have rallied without the friendly co-operation of the Church of Rome, is a question which cannot be determined. At that time the *Apostolical Church* of Rome was not *Popedom*; and its interference with regard to our ancestors sprang out of brotherly love and Christian charity, and had no root of bitterness in the accursed desire of extending earthly dominion. When St. Paul and the other Apostles visited foreign churches, whether to confirm, to instruct, or to admonish, did they wish to impose a *name* upon them—much less a *yoke*? They were all pillars of the “*holy catholic church*,” because they had, universally, one spiritual head, and *but one*: but they were all left to their own respective national regulations, and were united with the Apostles not otherwise than in the universal bond of charity, full of gratitude to them as the instruments of their conversion *from dumb idols to the living God*.

Thus did our English church become acquainted with the Roman church, under the cheering light of brotherly-love. They came over to help us, when foreign invasion threatened to invalidate the national religion. But, yet, there was a power, even then, in the church of Rome which does not belong to a

Christian church. From being *Bishop* or *Overseer*, its chief ruler had taken the title of *Papa*—*Father of Fathers*. He had also become an *earthly* sovereign, which is a position, for a successor of the Apostles, not warranted in any part of Scripture, in the acts of the first Christians, or in the constitution of the early churches; all these enjoining submission to *the powers that be*—whereas he was beginning to preach submission (and that, too, most abject), on the part of *the powers that be*, to the Bishop of Rome—to the *Pope*. Passages of Scripture began to be wrested. The flag of human greatness was gradually unfurled; until, at last, it waved in unblushing magnificence above the citadel of God. The Divine name, power, perfection, and attributes were assumed to, and by, a fallible mortal; and, as a modern writer well observes, “in the *eighth* century, the Pope had risen to such a height, as gave him a commanding view of all the kingdoms of the world, which were (to be) bestowed upon him by the Devil, whom he worshipped by an open defence and support of idolatry. England, which had so often bravely resisted the sword, at length submitted with the rest of Europe to the cross, and became tributary to the Roman see. The sovereign Pontiff now “opposed and exalted himself above all that is called God, or that is wor-

shipped ; so that he as God sat in the temple of God, showing himself that he was God." (2 Thess. ii. 4.)*

How very strictly these words of St. Paul may be applied to the papal power of succeeding generations, will, I trust, be shown in another part of this book. At present I am not concerned to say more upon this subject than that whatever is here advanced in opposition to the reign of popery is seriously, honestly, and candidly offered as a pledge of the author's respectability as a man and a clergyman.

Our Reformation, then, was not more a throwing off of the unnatural and unscriptural† trammels of the Church of Rome, than it was a resumption of the ancient purity of Christian doctrine and worship which so early marked our highly-favoured land : and Ireland is so far from being an originally Roman

* "A popular Survey," &c. by Custance.

† What is meant by *unnatural and unscriptural* may be well conceived from the instruction given by an Apostle to one of the first bishops of any part of the Christian church—"I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men ; *for kings, and for all that are in authority.*"—(1 Tim. ii. 1.) "*Nature and Truth,*" says a great writer, "are the same every where ;" and if the regal dominion was sanctioned with this precedence in our prayers, by St. Paul, it ought to challenge and obtain, in every state, whether ecclesiastical or mundane, or the union of both, to which it belongs, supreme power and authority.

Catholic country, that it retained its apostolical purity even longer than Great Britain, this island being the corrupter of that, when our ancestors laboured under the darkness and yoke of the Papal sway: and, in the words of Dr. Buchanan, “ although it is now out of view in the minds of many ;—the Reformation will ever be considered as a great event in the Divine dispensation by all true members of the Church of Christ, to the end of time.”

The extract from St. Luke’s history, called “ the Acts of the Apostles,” which is placed at the head of this chapter, is to be considered highly valuable—not only as it goes far to establish what has been already advanced with regard to the early publication of Christianity in our islands ; but as we derive from it much assurance of the truth of those assertions of the fathers, which have been quoted, that Paul himself co-operated in the conversion of their inhabitants. Both these probable results will be kept in view during the succeeding part of this chapter.

“ Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it.” This declaration was the conclusion of an address, in which Paul delivered his sentiments to the Jews in Rome—many having come, according to appointment, to his lodging, in order that they might learn of him, more particularly, concerning Chris-

tianity which they *knew* (in their own words) to be *every where spoken against*—even though “some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not.” All this looks like universality and strength in the then-state of Christianity. Paul’s declaration, moreover, that it *was* sent unto the Gentiles, and that they *would* hear it, is no small argument in favour of the experiment having been made and having answered ; nor do the circumstances of this convention afford any slender proof of the extent and importance which marked the Christian doctrine in the imperial city, and, therefore, in every colony of the empire, even at that time.

— “And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house”—no insignificant portion in the life of one so actively engaged in the work of the Gospel,—“and received all that came in unto him”—a piece of information which would have been almost idle and unmeaning, if his house had not been resorted to by great numbers, probably of the better sort of citizens, whose education and position in society led them to make many inquiries concerning a sect already so numerous and respectable. Upon persons of this sort, the apostle, constantly for “two whole years,” “preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him,” must have made an

impression calculated, not to disappear when they left his house, but, to a great extent, to be communicated far and wide throughout the whole empire, of which Britain was then a flourishing part. In order to be assured of this, we have only to ask, in what colony of ours, at the present day, may we not find Christianity in all the various forms which it is made to assume in the mother country? The Romans were certainly not behind us in any thing requisite to make the comparison valid—they had learning, arts, and sciences—they had commerce, a spirit of enterprise, national pride, and an inquiring, proving, restless ambition to know all things. All this goes to prove in what state Christianity was in the Roman empire; and, consequently, to what extent it may be concluded to have gained possession of the public mind, both at home and abroad. There is one circumstance, however, in which our argument loses by the comparison instituted above. England, though high in the scale of nations, is not alone—she is a bright—perhaps, the brightest—star in the constellation of civilized and Christian lands: but Rome was the constellation itself—the comet which amazed the world—the emporium of the whole earth. Nothing *new* in her could escape the general gaze and pursuit of all among whom she came. Could, then, that religion, which opposed all preconceived notions of a

Deity and the services which he demands, fail of being communicated to all nations within her reach, when, too, it had the gracious Spirit of God, miraculously displayed, to further and assist its progress?

But, after this residence of two years at Rome, what became of Paul? The historian closes here abruptly, it is true; but, had the Apostle died, he would certainly have added this piece of information. There is no doubt that he again resumed his work of carrying to the Gentiles the glory of the Gospel; and it is more than probable that every part of the Roman empire was visited with this design, as far as the possibility of the case admits. Was Britain, then, easy of access through the medium of France, neglected? Oh no—I feel a secret conviction that *the isles of the sea*, so far as they were known to him, would not—could not—escape the enterprise of this Apostle—there being (and a mind like his could not be insensible to a generous impulse) an innate idea of bereavement and exclusion attached to those portions of the earth.

Besides, where do we find the *accounts* of those hardships endured by him, which the Apostle himself enumerates in his second Epistle to the Corinthian Church? “Thrice,” says he, “I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep”—(xi. 25.) besides the enumeration of many other sufferings

which are not related in the history of his acts; because that history, though true, does not comprehend the whole truth—the whole of his labours. It is computed that six, seven or eight years transpired between the termination of the Apostle's two years' residence at Rome and his martyrdom; and it is not presumptuous, I think, to infer that, during this time, Britain *may have been* visited by him. Nay, it seems hardly too much to say that we have, from a comprehensive view of all circumstances, great reason to believe, speculatively, that it *was* so visited by him, or certainly by some of his coadjutors. Let us, however, remember that we are striving, not against the assertion that the Gospel was not preached in Britain by Paul, or any of his more immediate associates in the work; but against the monstrous affirmation that this "work was begun, continued, and ended by the POPES," beginning at, and subsequent to a period when the Apostle had been dead nearly six hundred years. And it is morally certain that, if the age of the Apostle was not, some intermediate and early age was, that to which we may refer the origin of Christianity in our land. He must be a bold man who will assent to this, and yet maintain, in opposition to the revealed will of God and to the known operations of His Spirit, that the Gospel-light was afterwards wholly extinguished, until the Pope

interfered in behalf of our benighted forefathers : even though the proofs we have offered to the contrary in the former part of this chapter should be deemed as destitute of foundation, as the writer is conscious that they are deficient in the manner of being set forth.

Like the fabled Arethusa, the purest streams may flow through tracts and caverns for which posterity looks in vain ; but, when they appear again in happier days, let us not impute to them a birth-place in those dark mediums through which they have only passed : nor let us listen to the affirmation that the good grain owes its origin to the chaff which is winnowed away ; for, before that chaff was suffered to grow with it, the seed, “ pure and undefiled,” was scattered o’er the land.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The bare fervour and zeal is taken in commutation for much other piety, by many the most eager contenders.

HAMMOND.

We should be not only devout towards God, but zealous towards men; endeavouring by all prudent means to recover them out of those snares of the Devil, whereby they are taken captive.

DECAY OF PIETY.

MY BROTHER'S FIRST LETTER ANSWERED.

“ My dear Brother,

“ Would I could congratulate you on the selection of your author, with half the fervour of the self-congratulation with which the acquisition of your admirable painting has inspired me ! Don't accuse me of prejudice or insincerity. I have read the late Mr. Cobbett's book, before I ventured to remark upon any of his observations, and have derived much information from it ; but am not less, if not rather

more, a Protestant than ever. Before, however, we come to the late M.P., let me observe that I cannot enter into the spirit of your warmly expressed feeling—the thought—the last *thought in association with your present to me.*

“ Full of sensibility, which does honour to your head and heart, the sensibility is not that which Christianity inspires. She does, indeed, utter many such sentiments in the different characters she has been made to play upon the stage; but, as the royal trappings never made a king of *Kean*, her prayers for the dead, or souls in purgatory, do not belong to the church of Christ, though they make a figure in the church of Rome.

“ Excuse me; but, before you profess, you should understand to such a degree as to have something like a *conviction* in the reality of that to be professed—that it is, in fact, something which *can* be defended with good success; but, where is the authority—the scriptural authority for these *masses* for the dead? where the repository from which such things are fetched, but in the inventions of the vain and deceitful heart of man?

“ Of course you will admit that Cobbett wrote with a party spirit; but I will give you the words in which the first appearance of his book was reviewed, in order to strengthen the assertion that he did so.

“ ‘With regard to the last writer on our list, the notorious Cobbett, it is the most melancholy instance of party-fanaticism in our memory, that an assembly of men, connected by bonds of religious union should accept the advocacy, and eulogize the character of the importer of Tom Paine’s bones. It is some consolation, however, to find that such a writer, indefatigably supplied with information by his employers, has made at last so miserable a case; it is a still more favourable sign of the times, that by his own inconsistent and unprincipled conduct, the best mob-writer of this or any day, the man who, with strong powers of his own, has, more successfully than any other person, studied how to address himself to the common intellect of the people, should so entirely have lost his hold on the public mind. A few bigots may read his work to gratify their rancour; a few of the irreligious may be delighted with his as with any coarse and unjust attack on the purest form of Christianity existing; many may have felt an idle curiosity to see how such a writer would handle such a subject; but after the first number, we believe, these motives ceased to operate very extensively; and the writer cannot enjoy the gratification of having effected any serious mischief.’—*Quarterly Review*, 1825-26.

“ You will not, I think, be less willing to admit that he wrote for the maintenance of himself and

family in that situation to which, by the exertion of wonderfully strong parts, and of a peculiar art of winning the inexperienced or ignorant, he had risen in the world.

“To use a simile not calculated to make you mournful, he was like a *steam-boat*. With *truth* for wind, the *affections of mankind* for waves, and his *powers of composition* for paddles, behold him, when truth—a little truth—is on his side, or when there is none but that which is imaginary, making way in a manner almost supernatural, dashing forward with a singular but tremendously powerful force of rhetoric, and overcoming the retreating waves as a thing of superhuman and prejudged authority. Even under these circumstances, however, the impediments, which yield before him, are of a yielding *nature*—he gains the homage and applause of those who admired him before they knew his works, because they had a fellow-feeling of opposition to *things as they are*;—they cried *Cobbett for ever!* who, before they saw him, bawled out ‘*Down with the enemies of Tom Paine!*’ With such obedient waves as these, no wonder that his paddles make great way even without the help of truth. ‘*Sed nunc amoto quæramus seria ludo.*’ I will offer something in reply to each of the sections, as they advance, with which you have garrisoned your letter.

“Willingly, nay thankfully, do I concur in the assertion, that, ‘for fifteen hundred years after the death of Christ,’ His religion went on increasing in the world; and I will even assert that Rome had a presiding Christian over her church even during the first three hundred years of that series. Most probably, the *bishops* retained also the name of *Apostles* for some time after *the Twelve* had gone to eternal rest, as these have it in Scripture; but most certainly there is no such word as *Pope* (*Papa*—*Pater patrum*—*Father of Fathers*) in any writing which has the acknowledged authority of a divine command. A title equal to this, is not even given to the Creator of the universe. There has been a *Bishop of Rome* from the time of St. Peter to the present day, may also be admitted; but, surely no persons charge Protestants with setting up any ‘*other Christian Church*’ ‘in the world.’ It is just as much the same Christian Church now, as it is the same world now. Time makes alterations, but cannot destroy principles.

“Mr. Cobbett admits that the first Protestants *had been* Roman Catholics, and this admission is all we want for the confirmation of our claims. We thank him for making them as black as possible. He has dwelt at some length, and with enormous eloquence, upon the iniquities of those who brought in the Reformation; but, it were well to remember that,

let them have been what you like,—let Cranmer's German *frow* and the litter of *dumb* young ones be set down for sober logic—if they *were* men born and bred in the Romish Faith, and schooled in its doctrines, we owe it, *not* to the more demoralizing spirit of Protestantism, that a counter-reformation cannot be effected. Such is the divine will in choosing *instruments*—and never forget that the *instruments* are no part of the *workman*—that we are led intuitively to admire the steps by which *this change was effected*. The *Father of fathers* himself first obeyed the will of the FATHER OF HEAVEN, in granting the absurd mockery of *indulgences* to one sect of ecclesiastics, in disparagement of another which had always enjoyed the lucrative privilege of the *sale* of these comfortable *panaceas*. This was the beginning of those scenes, early in which appeared *Luther*. By the way, a book is just published, in R. C. France, by a R. C., and I am indebted to Blackwood's *Maga.* for the following extracts.

“ ‘In studying the Epistles of St. Paul,’ said Luther, ‘I had a violent desire to know the scope of St. Paul’s argument in his letter to the Romans. One single expression stopped me. *Justitia Dei revelatur in illo*. I hated this word, *Justitia Dei*, because, according to the doctors, I had understood it to mean active justice, by which God is just, and punishes the

unjust and sinners. I hated this just God, the punisher of sinners. But as I meditated on these words day and night, ‘*The justice of God is revealed in him, as it is written, the just shall live by faith,*’ God had at last pity on me; I understood the *Justice* of God (translated in our Bible more correctly, *Righteousness*) was that by which by the gift of God the just lived, that is to say, *Faith*. I from that moment, felt myself as it were new born, and I seemed to enter through open gates into paradise.’

“This discovery was the pivot on which turned the grand and sweeping change effected by a determined throwing off of ignorance, impurity and fraud. See him again—see Luther, the son of a peasant, then a Roman Catholic Monk, in obedience to a vow made to *St. Anne* when the fear of death was before him, (and who is *St. Anne*?) but now, full of the vastness of his design and mission, standing, as a pilgrim of Christianity in the precincts of old Rome. ‘When I arrived,’ he says, ‘I fell on my knees, lifted my hands to heaven and exclaimed, Hail! holy Rome, sanctified by the holy Martyrs, and by their blood which has been shed here!’ In his fervour, he says, he visited every sacred place, saw all, believed all. But he soon perceived that he believed alone. Christianity seemed utterly forgotten in the capital of the Christian world. The warlike, fiery

Julius II. was then Pope, and this father of the faithful breathed nothing but blood and ruin. To speak of grace and the inefficacy of works to this singular priest, who has been represented by Michael Angelo as destroying Bologna by his benedictions, would have been an absurd contradiction of sense. In the churches, too, Luther could not find the consolation of a good *mass*. The Italian priests made a scandalous parade of their infidelity. In consecrating the *host*, they used to say *panis es et panis manebis*. 'I would not,' says Luther, 'for a hundred thousand florins have missed seeing Rome' (and he repeats these words three times.) 'I should have feared that I might have done injustice to the Pope.' Were these errors venerable for their antiquity? Was this flagrant display of conscious superstition a part of the faith of our ancestors? No—they are not mentioned in the sacred records of their and our religion; and if lately superinduced, they could not be too soon removed; and, if their removal were impossible in the spirit of peace, what was left to 'the spirit of a sound mind,' but to *protest* against the unclean thing and put *it* away from the midst of us? To talk of our religion and their religion is an abuse of language. Our religion is theirs stripped (perhaps not entirely) of its unscriptural additaments—theirs is ours walking and rejoicing in the use of its natural

limbs restored—the *leper* whose leprosy cleaves no longer to him—the maniac whose madness is gone—in obedience to the blessed promise and command—‘I WILL, BE THOU CLEAN!’ We believe in *The Holy Catholic Church*, as professed in the Creed which is common to both Papists and Protestants ; and, therefore, to talk of *other* Christian religions is not only inexcusable, but somewhat impious—making Christ not one, but many.

“ Heine, though the advocate of an absurdity no less than Pantheism, says of the Reformation—truly ; for men in dreams often utter sound and coherent sentiments—he calls it ‘ the war against Catholicism, which Germany waged in the days of Luther’—‘ The struggle was one undertaken by *spiritualism* when she found that, though she indeed retained the name and title of power—the sovereignty *de jure*—*Sensualism* had quietly managed to get possession of the real sway, and reigned *de facto*. It was then that the indulgence-bearers were beaten out—the beautiful concubines of the priests replaced by sober wives, the charming images of the Madonna broken—a real puritanism established in the land.’* Surely it was time to protest.

“ But I must confine myself to the field which you have marked out ; and here comes the second

* Heine on Germany, vol. i. p. 41.

section. No, Mr. Cobbett, none of these things, upon which you question us, shall be admitted. We say, *no* ; and yet there is no confession of ‘ most atrocious calumny against the Catholic religion’ in the denial. We cannot believe the *first** supposition ; we will not assert the *second* ;* we will not tell you the *third* ;* we will not dare to tell you the *fourth*.* But, spirit of Cobbett ! thou, from whose wondering sight the scales have now dropped, and who look’st, unutterably, upon ‘ the grand secret’ of the Infidel—thou knowest now, that not a *false*—but a *FALSIFIED* Christian religion may exist for ages, and the saving knowledge of Christ be never withdrawn—that, though there is no excuse for wilful blindness, men may walk in the dark and yet go unpunished ;—that Christ is, according to his promise, with the teachers of Christianity, but not with the teachers of ‘ fables,’

* 1st. “ That Christ would have suffered a *false* Christian Religion, and no other than a *false* one, to be known amongst men for 1,200 years.”

2nd. “ That for 1,200 years, at least, there were no true Christians in the world.”

3rd. “ That Christ wholly left his teachers, and gave up hundreds upon hundreds of millions of people to be led in darkness to their eternal perdition, by one whom his inspired followers had denominated the *Man of Sin* and the *Scarlet Whore*.”

4th. “ That Christ gave up the world wholly to *Antichrist* for 1,200 years.”—(Vide preceding Chapter but one.)

‘doctrines of devils,’ or ‘old wives’ stories,’ to the end of the world.

“Like all men who commit themselves to the *arena* of religious controversy, Mr. Cobbett should have made himself tolerably well acquainted with the letter of the Scriptures. He admits these, in their fullest extent, as the guide of the church; but yet he evidently never studied them. However, let us take his words. He wishes it to be understood that the ‘*inspired* followers’ of Christ ‘had denominated’ some one the *man of sin* and the *scarlet whore*; be it so: but an *inspired follower* (supposing that only one even wrote down *such* expressions) could not err, much less, wanton: and, therefore, some one must be meant by this denomination, and he himself—*fas est ab hoste doceri*—hath taught us upon whom he fixes the *inspired* NAME.

“I hope to be able to write more satisfactorily upon this subject, in another letter. At present, let us ‘come,’ with our author, ‘nearer home,’ without the *winning* addition of ‘closer to our own bosoms’—for no man cares a straw for his ancestors, even if he had any, three hundred years ago. Oh! that some men talk about cant! And here is the mask of party-writing—a sign as plain and intelligible as the red cross on the warrior’s shield. Like all other

writings which distinguish the dissatisfied party, this carries with it the indubitable proof of a willingness, if not a desire, to make an impression by artful and unfair means. It reminds me of those *ministers* who, self-appointed, cannot help, while they rail against the establishment, borrowing from it the semblance of all those externals to which they, as well as others, attach a due importance. The ministers of the established church are called '*reverend*'—the *independents* and other *dissenters* call themselves the same, or, what is the same thing, assent to being called so. We have a sacerdotal garb—so do some of them adorn themselves. We are ordained by bishops—so do they ordain one another. I wonder they do not confer *knighthood* upon their most zealous partizans. In fact, go where you will, you will find dissenting ministers imitating 'the fat parsons,' in their habits, manners, dress, style, and conversation. Why not be really *independents* (or what-not?) and give themselves a distinctive connection with the ministry of whatever they engage in? But, to Mr. Cobbett.

"He never intimates that the *Pope* of six hundred years after Christ might be a very different man from the *Pope* of fifteen hundred—that the Catholic church of the former period might be Christian; while the latter age might have accumulated some rubbish

from the lapse of *nine hundred years*, and that what they pretended to be Christian might be *antichristian*—no longer the church of God, but, had not God interposed to rescue his glory by the *protestations* of a few, which few grew rapidly into the great majority of the nation, falling headlong into a depth of ignorance and superstition, which should make it a kingdom fitter for ‘the prince of this world.’ He argues, as if the *externals* of a religion—its priests and ordinances—were as immutable as its name or founder. He places Christ in the chair of the Pope of Rome, and then tells us that the man, who sent the pious missionaries of 600 to convert our ancestors, was the same man from whose unscriptural dominion, with its long train of falsehood and abomination, the Protestants of 1500 seceded. Is this fair? As well might you argue that if my parishioners have, or have not, the Gospel preached to them now, they and their posterity must adhere, or object, *for ever* to the doctrines which shall be held forth from my pulpit to the end of the world.

“ ‘How astonished was the youthful Luther,’ exclaims Ranke in his admirable treatise on *The Popes of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, ‘when he visited Italy! At the moment, at the instant, that the offering of the mass was finished, the priests uttered words of blasphemy, which denied its value.

It was the tone of good society to question the evidences of Christianity. No one passed (says P. Ant. Bandino), for an accomplished man, who did not entertain erroneous opinions about Christianity. At the court, the ordinances of the Catholic church and passages of Holy Writ were spoken of only in a jesting manner—the mysteries of the faith were despised.' And what marvel? For, as the reviewer of the German professor observes, 'It was a singular coincidence, that exactly at the period at which the pure and genuine Gospel of Christ was about to be reopened, as it were, to the eyes of man—when, even if Luther had never lived, the art of printing must to a certain extent have revealed again the true character of the evangelic faith—the highest office in the Christian community should have been filled by such men. The successor of Christ and his Apostles was Alexander, in the midst of his blood-stained and incestuous family; Julius II. in full armour, at the head of an host of condottieri; and Leo X. in his splendid and luxurious court, where, if Christianity was not openly treated as a fable, it had given place, both in its religious and moral influence, to the revived philosophy and the unregulated manners of Greece.'—(Quarterly Review, February, 1836.)

“And Mr. Cobbett actually does exalt the Pope, who professes only to be Christ's *vicar*, into the very

place, office, and dominion (nay, more than this last), of our Saviour; for, in allusion to the simile by which the Christian church is called ‘one fold under one Shepherd’ (third letter), he makes that Shepherd—oh impious presumption!—that Shepherd who said, when on earth, ‘*I am the good Shepherd,*’ and commanded that Apostle, of whom this man, in other places, inconsistently calls the Bishop of Rome the *successor*, to feed His lambs—he makes that everlasting and all-glorious *Shepherd and Bishop of our souls* to be an *earthly potentate*—a carnal, fallible, and frail mortal, called the POPE.

“ Before I close this letter, which, in justice to yours, must be succeeded by another, permit me to offer you something upon these two points.

“ Mr. Cobbett denominates the Bishop of Rome (commonly called the Pope), 1st, *The Shepherd* of the Christian fold; 2d, *The Rock* upon which Christ’s church is built—in other words, the successor of St. Peter, to whom our Lord said, ‘I say also unto thee that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.’ (Matt. xvi. 18.)

“ Now, as to the first, pray, my dear brother, read the tenth chapter of St. John. Your author professes to believe the Scriptures; you ought, therefore, to grant me this request—and say, when you have

read it, is it not an assumption, the daring and impiety of which are such as one cannot contemplate without a shudder—would that I could truly say, a tear—to apply the latter part of the sixteenth verse to the Pope? Why, if it could be shown that all the bishops of Rome, for 1800 years, have suffered martyrdom and risen again from the dead, the application could not stand, if you take in the context of the two preceding and two succeeding verses.

“As to the other assumption, manifestly absurd as it must be to make a man at once the successor of CHRIST and of one of his *Apostles*, I have to crave your patience while I endeavour to show that our Lord, by the allusion to Peter's name, meant nothing stronger than when he surnamed the sons of Zebedee, ‘*Boanerges*.’ There are men in the world, to be sure, who call themselves akin to the *sun*, the *moon*, or the *stars*; but why do not some two brothers declare themselves successors of James and John, and assume the style and dignity of *sons of thunder*? Certainly, if the Pope has a right to the allegory of being a *rock*, such a claim might not go altogether unnoticed in these liberal days. I mean not to joke, believe me. Too greatly do I feel for the danger of all (particularly of a dear brother), who hesitate and halt between the Church of Rome and the Church of England. *This* may be *bad*, but what is *that*? *This*

has, at least, a good profession and one in unison with Scripture ; whereas *that* revolts from the guidance of any Scripture, *saying they be gods which are no gods*—they intercessors which are none, deprives Christ of his proper honour, and sets a frail man upon his everlasting throne. Oh! —, —, pray be indulgent to my anxiety, and read this—the humble tribute of an affectionate brother's heart. I shall, at some not very distant day, resume the subject of your letter. Now, I cannot say more than, assuring you of my real affection and friendship, and begging of you to accept many hearty thanks for your kind and valuable present,

“ Believe me, as ever,

“ * * .”

CHAPTER XXVII.

Grant it me, O KING ; otherwise a seducer flourishes,
and a poor maid is undone.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE reader must not imagine that the introduction of this controversy is nothing more than a book-making expedient—it is maintained that such things do make a part, and cut a very conspicuous figure in the life of one whose engagements, in a very great measure strictly mental and literary, cannot be described without having recourse to them. However, though extraordinary scenes only should be permitted to appear after the general description of daily employments, lest he should grow weary of a too elevated tract, we will descend occasionally to the humbler narrative ; and here follows an earnest of our intention.

It was a ray and cheerless afternoon in January

when the feeling—it is become familiar to me—which prompts a desire to seek the acquaintance of human misery took possession of me.

It is some years since, in conversation with a clergyman, I imbibed a sort of candour which I will now exhibit. My observation had been to the effect that visiting the sick and afflicted was a part of pastoral duty, though highly important, at times truly disagreeable; and his reply was—and it went to convince me, at once of his sincerity and of his uprightness—"It is *the* disagreeable part of a parish priest's office—all others are agreeable, some exquisitely so; but *it is not*."

Having prefaced this, I am going to admit that the discharge of this duty is that for which, of all clerical obligations, I have, generally, least relish—nay, the ordinary feeling is altogether averse from it. There are, however, times in which a strong and almost uncontrollable desire enlists me to it. No parochial-clergyman can avoid (speaking, of course, provisionally) all contact with it; for he must comply with, at all events, the express and communicated wish of any sick in his parish: but we speak of voluntary visitation. To this I am continually goaded by conscience—not (with shame be it said) so continually inclined in disposition; but, when the strong desire comes over me, which is generally after a visit strictly

official, I am carried away by the feeling just alluded to.—From house to house, in utter disregard of all domestic engagements, these “few-and-far-between” impulses carry me with a fervour which, like Fame, “vires acquirit eundo.” There is something so ominous in this idea, that I hasten back to the raw and cheerless afternoon.

I had been burying a corpse in a neighbouring village (at that time, *in commendam*, under my cure); and had, subsequently, made one or two visits upon such poor persons—the subjects of sickness or old-age, as my predecessor had officially transferred to me; when I entered the poor-house—more commonly called “the parish work-house.” We seem to have an innate acquaintance with the details of such *interiours*; and a few very aged men sitting by the fire with their hats on and sticks in hand—though they perhaps never go out of doors;—the moping idiot, or the half-witted victim of an affliction more terrible;—some two or three women helpless, but still engaged in household occupations;—these, with the addition of an occasional fracture of a limb to some poor way-faring man or labourer from another parish, and casualties of a similar stamp, seem naturally to compose the inmates of this asylum, when the scene of it is in a village or small town. The picture suits our own poor-house. But, this description will not meet

the present occasion ; and, therefore, my reader will allow me to detail another picture of the same sort of subjects.

Upon entering the outer door, I found myself in a large irregular kind of passage which, having the door at the opposite side of the house shut, would have been dark but for the light which my entrance was the means of throwing into it. Approaching another door, I was met by the very dubious appearance of a woman, past the noon of life, with (what is called, in the science of school-boy pugilism) “ a pair of black eyes,” and a patch of even deeper dye, in size equal and similar to a half-crown upon one of her temples, and presenting altogether fair grounds for the imputation of disorderly doings. Another figure, that of a pale, thin, tall, care-worn woman, in “ the evil days” of old-age, was, by the time I had made these conclusions, added ; and, as my first words were spoken, two or three other faces, peeping round a screen, completed the group.

“ Pray, which is the mistress of the house ?”

Confusion of face, and a rapid interchange of looks one at another among them, was the only answer to this inquiry. Advancing further, I discovered a man in the act of rising from his seat in “ a cobbler’s stall ;” and when his countenance was added to the others’, all of whom were women, the expression of

misgiving was universal ; and I was in danger of being taken for some winged minister of the law (as I conjectured) when I asked again, "are you the master of the house?" "Yes" was the reply—"and what did you please—." This untoward query I cut short, by observing blandly, and with a smile—"I am sorry to perceive that I am not known to you," (for I had been doing the public duties of the parish for some weeks, and had, before, frequently officiated at the church). This remark brought about either an intuitive apprehension, or a recollection of the person before them, and my name was diffidently whispered by one and then taken up generally by the rest.

Having inquired after the health of all within the house, I was informed that a young woman was above stairs and abed, who was "a very poor creature." After obtaining permission to see her, I went up, accompanied by the pale old woman (her mother) and the mistress. But, I must delay the account of the scene which succeeded, until the reader be made acquainted that this last-mentioned authority was the woman with the black eyes, and that from those indications of temperament which were discoverable in hers, as well as in the physiognomy of her husband, I derived sufficient, in addition to the evidence already afforded, to enable me to make^e my own conclusions as to the cause of all I have noticed ; and, probably

not many hours before my visit, this house had been the scene of that domestic turmoil which, more than any thing, shocks the general sense. With this, however, I felt that I had nothing to do ; or rather, that I should not be justified in making any remark ; and, therefore, let us approach the bed-side of frail, perishing mortality.

The house was, generally, close and dirty ; and there was, in the upper part, a very offensive proof of neglect and bad management, in the pent-up and pestilential atmosphere of the apartment. Every piece of furniture, of which there was a great abundance crowded together, was covered with a settled and rooted dust ;—the light, which might have come through the window, was obstructed by bundles, rags, and rubbish accumulated in the little square recess which was intended to admit it ;—the bed, and every part of it, was filthy in appearance, and scarcely according to those rules of arrangement which every one knows. Well, upon this bed, such as it was, lay a wild-looking young woman. Grief and melancholy madness seemed contending for the dominion of her countenance—her eyes were up-turned and fixed—her dark hair, not merely dishevelled, but in a state of the wildest disorder—and, lying upon her back, her naked arms were placed under her head. She had lost nearly all the use of her lower extremities,

I was told, and was given up, as in a state of hopeless affliction, by the medical attendant. Her age I should have supposed to be nineteen.

For some moments I beheld this wretched creature in a silent agony of doubt; and, when she seemed sensible (which was not, at first, the case) of the presence of a stranger, I endeavoured—it was a hard task—to convey, in few words, the necessity of resignation. Desiring her to follow me, I read, in the Psalms, such verses as were thought most appropriate; and the *sixth* was entirely applicable. The poor woman appeared to follow me with her lips, but the voice I heard was more like the muttered ravings of a mind distracted by the conflicting energies of remorse and madness. Oh! what I felt! how my heart sank when the frightful disparity in the varied lot of this life bade me ask—“Am I less unworthy?”

I had read a short portion of the simplest Scripture I could find, and offered from the very core of my soul an extemporaneous prayer—accompanied in both, by the same incoherent mutterings on the part of the poor creature. I was giving a few impressive exhortations, preparatory to leaving, when I saw move the head and outstretched arm of an infant by her side. “Is that *her* child?” said I to the elder mother. She sighed an affirmative—a tear sprang

in the eye of the maniac—I knew the rest. Sin! sin! sin! what a load of woe came with thee to this world! She had ever been of weak intellect; and now, the poor, shattered vessel—weakened by nature, sin, cruelty, and crime, seemed ready to burst with a silent and mysterious grief.

We now returned to the lower apartment, where composure had been greatly restored; and the scene was augmented by the addition of two or three great boys, who sat upon a bench near the cobbler, giving directions about the nails to be put in their shoes. They stared at me, with that empty, but earnest gaze, which bespeaks man in a state, unencumbered with any notions higher than animal civilization, kept their hats or caps on, and appeared perfectly insensible of any sort of suffering, or of any business which I could possibly have in such an abode. The remaining members of the family were two young women—one disabled from service by an affliction which rendered her what is called *an object*—her face being covered with the scales, or incrustations, of elephantiasis—the other having suffered, in infancy, from a disease which had left her arms and hands incapable of growth or usefulness; and these two, also, were weak in intellect. There was something singularly affecting in the child-like simplicity with which they got up, when introduced to me by the mistress, to

make an exhibition of their bodily afflictions ; and, after a few cursory remarks, in unison with the feelings I had brought with me down stairs, I left the house in which dwelt more of human misery than I had hitherto been able to conceive—not without an open and apparently honest request, on the part of the master, that I would repeat my visit as soon and as often as convenient.

Not more than two or three days afterwards, the knell of death announced the release, from the gripe of earthly wretchedness, of the *poor creature* indeed. I never saw her again. Her end, as I was informed, was like the last few weeks of her life—without meaning, without sense, without emotion, without pain. Her mind had been a “waste howling wilderness” in which misfortune had striven in vain to cultivate the poisonous growth of sorrow and despair—her soul, therefore, passed the barrier of eternity, untouched by hope, unscathed by pain, unruffled by a pang.

There are cases, as it appears to me, of such extreme affliction, that the sufferers seem unable to enter into the feeling of sympathy, discovered in their behalf by the children of prosperity—they do not understand it—they seem to disregard all your observations, as if inly convinced that no one, but such a sufferer as themselves, can offer any consolation.

Such was the case of this poor woman. I thought that if another, wasted with an equal grief, had approached her bed-side, she would have poured out a flood of sorrow ; but, as it was, there was a strangeness—the expression of a sense of utter disparity—in her countenance, which seemed to say “ I have no thought in common with the world—your words are the words of health and soundness ; my thoughts are the pinings of madness and disease :” and I had left her, rejoicing only in this, that there is ONE before whom all souls are precious, who alone heals every broken heart and binds up every bleeding wound—one “ Physician” and one “ balm in Gilead.”

The day of interment had been rendered more interesting to the inhabitants of the village by the coincidence of an accident which caused another funeral to be appointed for the same time—a child four years old had fallen into a well and been drowned. But, there were additional circumstances which, to me, have rendered this day one never to be forgotten. The child of the deceased mother was brought, before the funeral, to be *baptized*—the mother of the ill-fated child, came, after the funeral, to be *churched* ; and, as these ceremonies contrasted affectingly with each other, so was the intermediate burial of the two corpses a season of touching reflection.

Public Baptism is, under all circumstances, a ceremony peculiarly affecting; but, in this instance, the offering to God of a babe, rendered fatherless by the sad consequence of lust—motherless by the stroke of death, and yet so utterly unconscious of its lot, was moving, in the last degree. How strikingly, but only literally, was fulfilled the declaration of St. James—“when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.” The departed mother’s brother was a sponsor; and, as I marked in his wild gaze the lineaments of his poor sister’s countenance, there now and then stole down his cheek, puckered with a struggling emotion, a tear which entered the very recesses of my heart.

Then came the burial. Some time intervened, and I went to the graves. Rain had fallen in abundance, and the snow upon the ground had also given its aid to the effect—half a foot of water was in each. “And this,” thought I, “is the receptacle of these much cherished bodies—here, in this cheerless mansion, ‘each in his narrow cell for ever laid,’ are to be deposited the bodies of the dead.” The service came; “the lamentation of a sinner” had been sung, according to the wishes of the poor woman’s survivors, and the deep-rooted superstition of the parish; and each sad group stood beside a grave. *Here, six*

young women, in white, bespoke the innocence of one victim—*there*, the humble pomp and circumstance of a pauper's grave told the past misery of the other. In the former, there were the loud sobs of maternal grief—in the latter, the blanched countenance of humbler sorrow showed how poverty and wretchedness can reconcile the mind even to the gloom of death.

Lastly, the drooping mother, having just consigned to corruption an earlier pledge, approached the altar, to thank her God that, even in the midst of a mother's grief, he vouchsafed to give an earnest of the love with which he chides. She was attended by her husband and two women; and, while the tears ran down our cheeks, we all joined in a service of praise and thanksgiving, which, if service ever did, came from every heart—so much more profitable is the house of mourning than the house of joy.

While thinking of the last rites with which our bodies are awarded to their mother earth, I feel that it is not unseasonable to say a word or two upon the subject of those objections which have been laid against our service for the burial of the dead.

Many have been the conversations (I had almost

said altercations) I have had with dissenters upon the subject. They, indeed, argue with such a show of self-sufficiency and prejudice, that it has never been my lot to convince the gainsayer in his adoption of this most absurd of all railings. "Why, you say," say they, "*that it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of*—every sinful and impenitent wretch, whose corpse is brought to you for interment; and you declare that you *commit his body to the ground in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.*" Here they pause, in triumphant expectation of our avowed defeat, no doubt anticipating an acknowledgment, on our part, that we are necessarily obliged to adhere to the prescribed form. But, though this acknowledgment, to a sound and sufficiently enlightened mind, would be a good reason and one not at all at variance with strict propriety; it must not be made to the ignorant and self-conceited, who have, generally, no very correct notions of the necessity of uniformity in all matters connected with the mystery of spiritual things. I have always endeavoured—I say *endeavoured*, because you will seldom be able—to repel the objection by a direct appeal to Scripture; and thus will we here meet the question.

In the first place, *it hath pleased Almighty God to*

take the soul of the departed ; for who else could take it but He who declares “ *all souls are mine?*” *

Secondly, of *His great mercy* hath God so taken the soul ; because “ the Lord is good, *his mercy is everlasting*, and his truth endureth to ail generations ;” † and

Thirdly, He hath taken the soul, of his great mercy, *unto himself*—not unto the enjoyment of those pleasures which are at his right hand for evermore, but—unto himself *for judgment* ; or, in spite of the wisdom of the caviller, the word of God must *lie* when it says, “ Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was ; and *the spirit shall return unto God*, who gave it.” ‡

In corroboration of all these statements, the Almighty is called, in the New Testament, “ the Father of spirits ;” § and many are the passages in which this language of our church may be proved to be purely *scriptural* ; but one proof of this sort is as good as fifty. Besides, the sense of the church is fully shown in that, afterwards, in praying that, when *we* die, *we may rest in Christ*, the congregation express only their *hope* that such is the state of the departed soul ; and they, who profess to cling so fast to the spirit of the Gospel, will find it written that “ charity

* Ezek. xviii. 4.

† Psalm, c. 5.

‡ Eccles. xii. 7.

§ Heb. xii. 9.

hopeth all things,"* and that, *without charity*, we are, or can be, *nothing worth*.

Then, as regards the latter part of the objection, where is the man, calling himself a Christain, who shall presume so far to judge a departed soul as to withhold his assent to the doctrine that it is, *in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord*, that we commit the body of the dead to the grave? Have we not this hope? then we are of all men most miserable.† It is not expressly said with regard to the deceased, but has an intimate reference to all the living who are present.

For my own part, and I utter the sentiment of a vast number, I can conceive nothing more admirable than the service under consideration. It is scriptural throughout; it is consolatory, warning, and instructive to the living; it is charitable to the dead. It speaks the fulness of the Christian hope, acknowledges the blindness of human judgment, soothes and not misleads the mind of the mourner, and gives full proof of the desirableness of a set form in preference to the capricious sentiments of a purblind generation. It strikes me that we must have such a form, or none at all; for nothing can be more consistent with Faith,

* 1 Cor. xiii. 7.

† 1 Cor. xv. 19.

Hope, and Charity: and few men are such rash or gloomy sceptics as to advise the expediency of not availing ourselves of the opportunity of the open grave to cultivate the principles of our most holy religion.

The objection is one which emanates only from the murky den of scepticism which is the constant companion of ignorance; and there are few things more cheering to us in the exercise of a painful duty, than the conviction that we are engaged in a charitable work, in a labour of love, and in an office consecrated by the gracious interference of the Saviour, in that, *for the sake of the living*, he condescended, without reference to the souls of the departed, to call the dead from the world of spirits back to this polluted sphere. But it shows the spirit of Dissent, and it shows the miserable blindness in which men will even declare that they see further than their neighbours. Shocked have I been to hear of this objection in the mouth of even one of the ministers of the Church who has apostatized from the solemn compact of the ordination vow; and the only consolation to be derived from the contemplation of an object so deplorable, is that, though he may have a zeal toward God, yet is it not according to knowledge, but according to that arrogance of spirit which, while it takes to itself the understanding of all

mysteries, cannot comprehend "the very bond of peace and of all virtues"—"Charity," with which the Apostle says, "*let ALL YOUR THINGS be done.*"

Of the other two services (one indeed a sacrament) which I was called on this day to perform, something may also be said; particularly as one of them is subject to opposition—this is the sacrament of *infant-baptism*.

It is remarkable that, from the birth of Christ, so many centuries should have elapsed, before any opposition was made to an ordinance which had always been received as orthodox; and then, that a very extensive heresy should be the consequence of this unfounded and, comparatively, recent innovation. One consideration, however, seems sufficient to assure us of the scriptural propriety of infant-baptism; and, herein, be it observed, we give up the authority which though not expressly, is yet very strongly, incorporated with the writings of the New Testament, as well as that which is derived from the example of every Christian church from the time of the Apostles to the *sixteenth* century.*

* "A person, who employed himself extensively in examining this subject, gives the following result of all his inquiries:—

"First: During the first four hundred years from the formation of the Christian church, Tertullian only urged the delay of baptism to infants, and that only in some cases; and Gregory only de-

The consideration is this. It is admitted, on all hands, that, as *circumcision* was the outward sign of admission to the privileges of the Old Covenant, so *baptism* is of the New. But circumcision was expressly ordained of God to be performed on the eighth day. Therefore, whatever absurdity, or whatever other name the opponent may choose to express his opinion of this one of our sacraments, is charged upon the Christian ceremony, must necessarily be levelled against the Jewish; and thus the Almighty has a controversy with his creatures who are bold enough to cavil at his ordinances.

layed it, perhaps, to his own children. But neither any society of men, nor any individual, denied the lawfulness of baptizing infants.

“Secondly: In the next seven hundred years, there was not a society nor an individual, who even pleaded for this delay; much less any who denied the right, or the duty, of infant-baptism.

“Thirdly: In the year 1120, one sect of the Waldenses declared against the baptism of infants; because they supposed them incapable of salvation: but the main body of that people rejected the opinion as heretical; and the sect which held it soon came to nothing.

“Fourthly: The next appearance of this opinion was in the year 1522.

“Had the baptism of infants been ever discontinued by the church; or had it been introduced in any age subsequent to that of the Apostles, these things could not have been, nor could the history of them have been found.” (Dwight’s Theology, Sermon clviii.)

As to "the churching of women," I know not if any person, laying claim to any religion at all, ever levelled a shaft against it; but it must be evident to every *mother* that, in this provision, our Church has at least consulted the wants and feelings of one portion of her members. Child-bearing is peculiarly the lot and trial of female patience; and, under no circumstances, rather than those which attend the recovery of one from its pangs, can thankfulness to God find a tongue, and a hearty resolution to walk henceforth in his most holy ways be seriously embraced.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Fame can never make us lie down contented on a death-bed.

POPE.

HAVING read one book from the pen of the late Mr. Cobbett, another, with a very winning name, presented itself to my notice. I had about me those who unhappily relished such works, pandering as they do to a malcontent and disaffected mind, and thus came to my hands the "Legacy to Parsons."

This Legacy has, over others, the advantage of being duty-free. It contains much valuable information relative to the origin of church-property, and the present state of church-preferment, having been written (as it would seem) not long before the author's death. It shows how grievously abuse is tolerated in the case of *livings* (as they are called), of 10*l.* and

15*l.* a-year ; explains the origin of *Queen Anne's Bounty* ; and contains much that is instructive, as well as interesting upon the nature of *tithes*.

In this little book, however, inasmuch as it is a piece of championship for the Protestant Dissenters, there is no mention of the excellencies of the Romish Church—that mild and beneficent burner of such as dissent from her doctrines, and venture to read their Bibles, and, in matters which concern their everlasting souls, think for themselves. The Legator of this bequest having, as I said, undertaken to please those who dissent from the Church of England, or *protest* against her (for it is undeniable that the great majority of dissenters have no better cause of desertion and separation from the communion of the Church, than that she is an heiress and descendant of the Church of Rome), says nothing now in favour of that religion, from the worship of which, only that they would gladly have any ally when they lift up their horn against the Establishment, they pretend to recoil in abhorrence ; but he humours them into a conceit of their prudence and disinterestedness, even at the expense of undoing at one blow, all that he had said, in his “ Protestant Reformation,” against the iniquity of the Reformers and in praise of the ancient worship.

“ It ” (the Church of Rome), says he, “ grew

rich, it became luxurious, it became grand and *splendid*, and the attachment of the people to it became feeble in the same proportion ; till at last an attempt to raise money by a *sale of indulgences*, in order to apply that money to the building of ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME ; in order to erect this piece of ostentation and pride ; till at last this attempt, this audaciously profligate use of the power of the Pope, produced that open opposition which led to the *protest against* his authority, and hence came *Protestants* and the *Protestant* religion."

Contrast this with Cobbett's accounts (in his " Protestant Reformation ") of the *regret* with which the people were *forced* to abandon their Church. Why, he says there a good deal about gibbets and ripping-knives to *make* them shake off the church of their fathers ; but here, " the attachment of the people to it " had become feeble—very feeble, and, at last an " *open* opposition " (oh ! it was not the avarice or chicanery of a *few*), led to the Reformation. *Ex ore tuo*, shade of an M.P. ! we find, then, that the Pope of 1500 was not exactly the Pope of 600—that he who gave his benediction to the *Invincible Armada* was not that pious Gregory who sent the monks to Canterbury. No — very different had become the possessor of the papal chair, even at a period anterior to the Reformation, from him who piously sent the

monks ; as an extract from the book before me incontestibly proves—for it is a true statement, though in a tale. Speaking of Clement VI., the author calls him “ the most accomplished gentleman, and the most graceful voluptuary of his time ;” and shows us how “ the good father had devised a plan, whereby to enrich at once the Romans and their pontiff,” in these words :—“ Nearly fifty years before the time we enter upon, in order both to replenish the papal coffers and pacify the starving Romans, Boniface VIII. had instituted the Festival of the Jubilee, or Holy Year ; in fact, a revival of a Pagan ceremonial. A plenary indulgence was promised to every Catholic who, in that year, and in the first year of every succeeding century, should visit the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul. An immense concourse of pilgrims, from every part of Christendom, had attested the wisdom of the invention, ‘ and two priests stood night and day, with rakes in their hands, to collect without counting, the heaps of gold and silver that were poured on the altar of St. Paul.’ (Gibbon, vol. xii. c. 59.)”—The aforesaid Clement imitated this example.*

In this, his “ Legacy,” he might be expected to reproach the legatees, as he did in his life-time, with

* Rienzi, ch. iv.

usurpation of the rights and properties of an ousted clergy ; and to ring in their ears some of those often-refuted calumnies, the object of which has always been to show the superiority of the Catholic Church of the 16th to the Catholic Church of the 7th century. But no. Now the cry is “ *Divide the spoil!*” The iniquity of the spoliation is to be washed away by the admission of any man to a share who likes the office of a preacher better than the labours of the field or of the anvil. No—not a word about the robbery. The protest was “ *open,*” provoked from a “ *people,*” whose attachment had become very “ *feeble*” by the “ *audaciously profligate use of the power of the Pope.*” Protestant Dissenters ! don’t you see the leaning to the *power of the Pope* ? Your champion cannot quite reverse all his former eulogies of Popes and Papacy—*fœnum habet in cornu*—the *power of the Pope*—what think ye to that ? No : though he lays on the parsons, and calls them “ *fat,*” in compliance with the vulgar folly, he means to conciliate the Dissenters, to whom a double-refined Roman Catholic “ *law-church*” would be an abomination of abominations. Hence, the two following fanciful sketches ; the tendency of which is to raise the ministers of Dissent by depressing the clergy.

“ What are these miserable curates, then ? They do not receive, on an average, one-half of what the

average of dissenting ministers receive." (Perhaps, if this be true, dissenting ministers have some little of the *sacra famas* about them, and we may here solve the riddle why so many of them—not excepting the illustrious Adam Clarke—bring up their sons to the Established Church.) “ And, as to dependence, the dissenting ministers are dependent on the caprice of nobody ; not even a part of their congregation ; while the miserable curate is in the most abject state of dependence ; and that, too, on the will, on the caprice, it may be, of *one single man* ; for the incumbent has the power of discharging the curate whenever he pleases, in spite of all the pretences of the Act 53 Geo. 3. chap. 149. to give protection to these poor creatures. Besides which, the curate, if he do or say any thing to displease the bishop of the diocese, he can prevent him from being employed in any other diocese : for no other bishop will suffer him to be employed, unless he bring *testimonials* from his last bishop ; and these testimonials may be refused, *without cause assigned* ; so that the poor creature's mouth is actually locked up : he is doomed to certain ruin, or to absolute submission to the will of his master-parson. There is no footman so completely dependent as one of these miserable men ; and these are the men which this Established Church gives us for our *religious instructors* ; these are the men with

whom the State furnishes us to keep us all in the fold, and to protect us against adopting strange and erroneous doctrines !”

Our case may be one of hardship, in some instances of oppression ; but where is the curate who will not fling this false and contemptible espousal of the common cause back to the ashes of such a hypocritical defender. He seeks to excite the scorn of the people—by what ? By a declaration of the curaters poverty and dependence. And why ? Because he knew this was the best means of raising the contempt of the ignorant and disaffected—the disaffected and ignorant.

“ To return,” proceeds the testator, “ to the objection, that the teaching of religion would fall into low hands ; which objection we will take in the words of Scott (now *Stowell*) ; that, if there was an equalization of the Church-incomes, ‘ We should run the risk of having a body of clergy, *resembling only the lower orders of society in their conversation*, in their manners, and their habits ; and it were well if they were not affected by a *popular fondness* for some of the species of a *gross and factious* religion.’ But how could they well be lower than these miserable curates, if small incomes would make them low ? And these miserable curates we have in the sixteen thousand parishes where there are any ministers at

all, excepting five thousand three hundred and seventy-nine parishes. How then could the *voluntary principle* make them lower? And, appealing to the fact, are the dissenting ministers lower now? Every one who knows any thing of the matter, will say that they are not: and that, as to respect and reverence, every one knows, that all the settled dissenting ministers have fifty times as much of these as falls to the lot of the parsons."

Contrast this with what is quoted from the same writer, upon the subject of dissenting ministers in chap. xviii. and, Christian dissenter, judge the man out of his own mouth !

Not content with the audacious and absurd comparison (and I use these words without any feeling of ill-will or disrespect towards a body of generally inoffensive men, who only seek to provide a maintenance for themselves and families) of the one with the other, this modest writer actually exalts dissenting ministers, whom he (elsewhere) recognizes as " sometimes traders" (i. e. millers, tailors, and petty shopkeepers) " at the same time," to an elevation *fifty-fold* higher than the educated ministers of the church, of whom he produces two instances of *bankers*. But Mr. C. wrote upon the principle that, when you do tell an L—I—E, you should tell a good round one ; for nothing can be said or written so palpably and monstrously false, but they, for whose gratification it

is intended, will swallow at all events some portion of it. When a mother gives *medicine*, if she were to administer *poison*, to a child, the little innocent would be beguiled by the presence of some spice or confection ; and so Mr. C.'s admirers may swallow down his eulogiums in favour of the pulpit-heroes of their cause.

If, to repeat my former sentiment, the assistant-curates, or curates of the establishment want a champion, they will indignantly spurn the offer of an arm which raised from their ignoble grave the bones of the writer of the " Age of Reason ;" and of talents which, while they have been debased to the degraded purpose of fostering the existing rancour against the establishment, even by means of paying court to the vulgar prejudices of ignorance and self-conceit, are employed ostensibly to excite the commiseration, but really to create the contempt of the unlearned for their superiors. What can more fully prove this than the following portion of this same *Legacy*.

" The curate is paid so poorly, that it is utterly impossible that he should perform the duties of a teacher of religion in the manner that he ought to do. He is a poor man, with hardly the means of living better than a mechanic, or a labourer." (Here the two great gods of ignorance and self-importance are placed before the people's eyes—that in Bethel is

money—that in Dan is *good-feeding*: and without these the follower—the minister of Jesus cannot teach religion—Bah!) “ His poverty is known and seen ; and, as he sets up for a *gentleman*,” (vulgarity again ! according to which no man can be a *gentleman* without money) “ he excites no compassion in his beholders, but is sure to excite their contempt ; and, this being the case, is it likely that he should do much in the way of giving *religious instruction* ? Was it ever yet known in the world, that men sucked in instruction from those whom they despised ?”

Oh ! the inconsistency of these popular men—these demagogues ! At one time the clergy are bid to look at the lives of the apostles without scrip or staff, when the very lowest rabble are to be pleased : but, at another, when the money-loving, purse-proud supporters of new doctrines, who have just enough property to be exposed to the shade of that mountain in labour—the church-rate—when these are to be cajoled, why the clergy are to be despised and deserted because *they are poor men*, and *their poverty is known and seen*. Not merely criminals, their crime is glaring in the eyes of the people. They are poor, and they live within their means, and therefore, William Cobbett, like another *fashionable*, holds them up to ridicule and contempt !

In making these observations, my reader will easily conclude that, as

“ Men’s evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water,”

so am I not disposed to spare, through mere superstition, the deeds of a mighty man (of his sort) now that he is departed. But, uneasy under this imputation, I beg of him not so to determine. Mixed up with the recollection of a man, whom I never saw and whose publicity is the only source of my acquaintance, slender as it is, I entertain great respect for his worth, both private and public, as the former is reported of him as well as in his works, and as the latter is known to all the world ; and am willing to believe that the little volume, of which we have discoursed so much, is as much a *Legacy* to *his family* as to *Parsons*. Not for a moment do I imagine that, actuated by a malevolent design, he purposely wrote and left behind him falsehoods, which cannot but appear falsehoods to any one capable of judging ; but, it is to me most apparent that, having no real concern about the matter, he wrote upon just such subjects, and treated them in just such a manner as would be most likely to be of benefit to his administrators, who are now busily employed in setting forth all his works, which we shall no doubt have *emended, and augmented by original*

matter never before published for many generations to come. He had a name and a party—the one strong and the other great ; and while the world stands, both will endure. Every body knows how the former was acquired, but nobody seems to know that the latter is a necessary ingredient in the *melange* of political life ; and, while people are daily prating on the new-born significance and awful symptoms of the present times, the page of experience down from the Pentateuch to the last edition of Goldsmith's History of England, teems with the assurance that there is *nothing new under the Sun*—that Whigs and Tories, Radicals and Conservatives, Liberators and Slave-drivers, have always had an existence from “the first syllable of recorded time.” “*We are the men!*” is the arrogant and self-important manifesto of every new race of empirics ; but, whatever it is that men fume about—whatever the carcass around which the eagles cower and flutter,—one comforting assurance should support and animate the unassuming dependent on an Almighty will—one steady hope, one universal bond of charity should give and extend the sweet consolations of an assurance that, come what may, “whatever is is right.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

Ps. ii. 1.

BUT, what has become of the Biography? the impatient reader asks again. Well, here it is. In these disjointed times, as they say, what can more engage the mind of one of the *miserable creatures* above mentioned, than the fury of the enemies of that church, in which all his hopes are centred? Having been led to embrace the ministry, and seeing that his days may be prolonged, aye forty years to come, one naturally feels interested in a situation which is for life; for, who, after having been enrolled in the happier morning, would shrink from his post in the evening of adversity? The struggle is not yet come; but, let it come, and it shall be seen that the church is not an

empty name. Like the everlasting hills, around whose hoary summits lightnings and thunders have played for ages, let us be but true to ourselves and (above all) to our great Captain, and He will not suffer us to be destroyed; and, though minished or brought low, he will raise us up again, and bring us back with glory.

But why, at a period when the zeal and exemplary lives of the clergy, as a body, are admitted on all hands, and when the establishment is daily extending its usefulness through a hundred channels of benevolence and Christian charity, is the clamour of our adversaries *said to be* louder than ever? Was it not as loud, while Dissent was striding through the land, as it is now that its greatness is stationary, at all events? I believe it was not: and we have, herein, a proof that it is not for the honour of Christianity that all this chivalrous rout is made—that, while the multitude cry, some one thing and some another, the more part know not wherefore they are come together into this *solemn league and covenant* against the Church; only that they know, or are, rather, actuated by an idea, that all existing things are not so good as they might be; and, therefore, without reflecting that others may possibly be worse, they rush blindly to the common point of political *rendezvous*, which happens just now to be *the Church*.

Hither come vindicators of Roman-Catholic-Church-Usurpation, and the Independent whose departure from such principles is *in limine*; hither comes, hand in hand with the Antinomian, the “ Primitive Methodist :” here assemble the Socinian, the Moravian, the Scythian or Barbarian, the Jew, the Turk, the Infidel or the Atheist,—here they are, all ready to work away with axes and hammers—most lovingly united. One common cause animates them all when self-interest, spoliation and appropriation are the motives of action. Every village now has its club-house, and the man who breaks stones upon the road by day, is elevated at the eventide into a politician or—a poacher,—declares that the churches will soon be given them to mend their ways withal, or swears most noble vengeance against the game-keeper and the pheasants. But what are villages compared to towns ? and what ale-house politicians to the *senates* and *assemblies* of our vast populations ? Here, the interest of the wise-men is excited by pamphlets, “ poor-men’s guardians,” and a parcel of confected trash, which the poor creatures never dream of being a means of vast wealth, and the only source of livelihood to many who have just learning enough to do mischief. Here, every thing is swallowed down with most ready faith—nothing false can possibly appear *in print*—lies are but words of the lips.—The parson

is called *fat*, though he be as thin as a whipping-post, and then they laugh, and declare the thing is well written, and shake their heads slightly with a philosophic air; and all this, while their children are running about the streets precocious in the display of manly sin, or tormenting their poor deserted mothers at home. You will see groups of these little offenders—the offspring of political dissent, in every large town annoying every respectable person with whom they may venture to take a liberty, and blockading the avenues to every place of public resort. Thus early are they taught the creed of their fathers,—that every thing which exalteth itself is to be pulled down, whether it be the edifice of the church, or the poor man who endeavours to make himself respectable by resorting to its ordinances.

But if we have appeared to treat lightly a vast heap of evils, let us seriously consider whether we can find any new thing which may be stated as part-cause of all this.

I once saw a caricature, which represented two men-servants—the one was “burly and big” (like the *parsons*;) powdered too; and clad, cap-a-pie, (for his collar stood up above his ears, and his shoes were such as *gentles* only wear) in a rich suit of livery, folding his ruffled hands most complacently and smirking at the hall-door, looking this way and that, who

might be coming to view his consequence : the other was a miserable man, thin and hollow, with lank hair, knees and elbows protruding, cheeks blanched, sunken eyes, and a most hungry look, partially covered with raiment which, upon a close examination, was discovered to be the relics of even such a suit as graced the *happy* man. Under the former was written "IN," under the latter "OUT," with a very small "and," mid-way, and at a most respectful distance from either, to show, I suppose, (as if the cruel Cruikshanks had not displayed keenness enough in the picture) the slender tie which unites the extremes in every view of life.

From this, even, may we not borrow a lamp which shall guide our steps to the temple of truth? In *church* and in *state*, we have IN and OUT; and these are the grand old river-heads from which the streams of division and party and sectarianism and clamour and evil-speaking spread themselves through the whole community.

Now, *in re Church*, the *Roman Catholics* (says Mr. Cobbett) are OUT, the *Protestants* are IN: and though this position is quite false, yet, for our purpose it would do as well as the true one, which is this—The CATHOLICS are IN—the ROMAN CATHOLICS are OUT. *They* are *in*, who, by the Reformation, shook off from *their church* idolatry and superstition, together with

the unscriptural dominion of the Bishop of Rome : *out* are *they* who, partly having come from foreign countries, and partly adhering to that which the majority shook off, refuse, or would refuse, individually, to take *the oath of the king's supremacy*, which we quote at length :—

“ I, *A. B.* do swear, that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position, that princes excommunicated, or deprived by the Pope, or any authority of the See of *Rome*, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever. And I do declare, That no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm.

“ *So help me God.*”

That they who are thus *out* should wish to be *in*, cannot be a source of wonder for a moment, when we consider the natural propensities of mankind ; but to wish to come *in*, by force or stealth, is unjust. Let them conform to the law of the land they live in, or be content under the disadvantages which a refusal so to do brings, and ought to bring, upon them ; but, to refuse obedience to the law, (for which, in a case of

conscience, *nobody blames them*) and yet presume to think themselves entitled to every benefit which is the consequence of obedience, is surely inconsistent with the commonest ideas of the mind. No man thinks of forcing himself into the mayoralty of a city, against the inclination of the majority of electing citizens—no man ever forced himself upon the service of a master who would not recognize him for his servant. The majority of the nation, under a reformed representation, must certainly be the authorized source of all law—the legitimate fountain of all enactments which affect the community. Be still, then, and let the machine work in its own course: why rail at the wheels, and cunning movements of it, because *your* end is not yet served. And should the compact of all the discontented prevail against the *ins*, why, may they see that we can “quit ourselves like men” even when we are *out*.

In the matter of the *State*, the same observations, *mutatis mutandis*, may be made, with the additional one that, herein, things assume a more manifold variety and operate more sensibly upon the great mass of the community.

There is a feature, too, *in re Church*, which does not belong to the affair of the *State*. *Dissenters* are necessarily to be tolerated in the one, because religion is a matter of conscience and not properly within the

reach of the magistrate; but, in the other, an opposition-parliament, created by the discontented, a mock-king, the assumption of titles, dignities, and offices, or any of the imitation-machinery which cannot be destroyed in the matter of *the Church*, would no longer be endured than until the necessary restraints were brought into active operation.

Aye, law; there you are at it again, say the discontented. Well: and who would choose to live, in a world like this, *without law*? So far, indeed, has this objection been permitted to operate, that one almost feels afraid of acknowledging the validity of the law, as if some one were ready to argue that we are fit to be suffered to live without it.

Upon the whole, *contentment* is not, nor can ever be, a plant which grows in every man's garden. The very existence of sin will always, on the contrary, account for its very difficult and partial cultivation. Let a man candidly and carefully consider the persons of his acquaintance who are most prominent railers against "THE POWERS THAT BE," and *things, as they are*, or as they *could easily be made*; he will find that some of them are *honest* and *of good report*, perhaps; but he will find that the greater part are, of a certainty, men of such pursuits, habits, or inclinations, as unfit them for the honourable acquirement of what they aim at. Some men set their minds upon

a mode of life or living, to which their means neither are, nor can be fairly rendered, answerable; some desert, or are dismissed from, situations of credit and emolument, and for long, perhaps, lie out of employment: some, by riotous living and extravagance, consume present means and bring upon themselves diseases, mental as well as physical, which prevent their exertions ever after: some, who might do well in one department, waywardly betake themselves to another to which some superficial attraction has invited them, or forsake all departments (properly so called), and morally expatriate themselves.—From among these, come the *patriots* and *liberators* of the present day; in such a soil as this, the *outs* of every age and country in the world have taken root, and then they “*speak evil of dignities*,” ridicule every thing sacred or respectable, and, knowing it, or thinking it, (for nothing is impossible to perseverance in well doing) impossible to climb up to the height of their ambition, they would pull down the height to their own level, and then walk into it, to be carried aloft, like boys at a fair, amid the acclamations of the populace, by the everlasting *wheel of fortune*! Was not Catiline and his band of this stamp, in a higher order—Thistlewood and his party, in a lower? I can only say that from a search among my acquaintance the result is in strictest accordance to this imperfect sketch.

Equality is in the same predicament with *contentment*. An *equality* of worldly goods is, of course, not meant; for we cannot, or ought not, to admit a speculative and imaginary view of an *ideal* thing to occupy the place of *reality*. No state of man was ever found consistent with this; and (if my reader is not too wise to take a hint from the word of God) it is the declaration of Scripture that *the poor shall never cease out of the land*.—(Deut. xv. 11.) But, as *contentment* is *happiness*; so, were the former universal, the latter would constitute the only *equality* which can be enjoyed, either in this, or the world to come. And, in truth, it is *real equality*: that which some call the substance is, in fact, only the shadow. Give a man *contentment*, and he will not sigh for *place* or *rank*; take this boon from him, and neither *place*, nor *rank*, nor *wealth*, nor *power*, nor any other earthly thing, can satisfy him. How well did the immortal dramatist put into the mouth of him who, all his life, sought only the shadows—the various shadows—of *that* called *happiness*; and when, in the prospect of approaching fate, he beheld not only the utter fallacy of them all, but also that (let us hope) which, in such an hour, can alone be true happiness, confessed his *real* feeling towards all the things which are ideal—

“*Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye !*”

To return, for a moment, to the outcry against the Church; certain is it that it proceeds not from religion, though many of its abettors would have it believed that it does. Liberalism is now-a-days so yoked with dissent, that atheism, infidelity, and *anythingarianism* are the *προμαχοι* in the battle array which is drawn out against the inexpugnable bulwarks of the Church; and this is so palpably the truth that their literary champions cannot avoid now and then betraying the cloven-foot. Witness a short extract from the "Sunday Times,"—one of the oracles of dissent and profanation—Dec. 6th, 1835. Recommending the substitution of Mr. O'Connell for Sir Francis Burdett in the representation of Westminster, the bold, or unwary, editor says—"The commencement of the last session made it at once evident that BURDETT was no longer the man he had been, but entirely changed. As he is grown religious, and shudders at Popish idolatry, let the banners of his next procession bear the scripture motto, 'the *glory* is departed.'" But there appear to be two sources, from one or both of which the cry is originated. It comes either hissing from the hydra of Dissent; or, fulminated from the Vatican, the votaries of Popery have raised it in our protestant land; or, first raised by one of these, the other has echoed back the tocsin; or, leagued only in this, both at once, like two lusty footmen at the door, they

began to hammer away against the established church of England—that purest portion of the holy Catholic church. The motives, then, of such as are animated by the pride, arrogance, or self-righteousness which prevent a compliance with the will of any but themselves, and, moreover, are, as a body, too ignorant and, *par consequence*, too impudent to admit the utility of an establishment, or of those whose very creed is ignorance, bigotry, intolerance, cruelty, and avarice, need not remain doubtful. But they will never triumph—they may appear to gain passing victories—so long as we have, on our side, HIM “who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people.”

CHAPTER XXX.

The Church preacheth, first publishing, by way of testimony, the truth which from them she hath received, written in the sacred volumes of Scripture; secondly, by way of explication, discovering the mysteries which lie hid therein.

HOOKE.

B—— had been nearly a year in Ireland, and his first-born “Hibernia” had gained a birth among the daughters of the land, when things, which had been growing worse, became very bad. He found himself all but deprived of his income. His tithes which, at first, had been nearly amicably managed, began now to be denied him; and he was the subject of anonymous letters, threatening the destruction of his property if he should presume to enforce the just—did I say *just*?—he had never received more than half-payment of his dues. Concession, which to nobl

minds brings a sense of gratitude and dependence, had been exercised by him to the manifest detriment of his character in the eyes of his parishioners. They, like the frozen serpent which the generous husbandman had cherished in his bosom and on his hearth, first hissed and then sprang in the face of all authority; denying that he had any right to tithes from any but his own flock, and swearing, by the Holy Pope, that they would never pay them more.

"They," said he in his letter on the subject, "distort that impost, which rests upon the soil they occupy and cultivate, into a tax upon themselves; and refuse to pay the tithe which is inherent *in the earth* because they are Roman Catholics. Thus might they, with equal fairness, deny his just claims to their landlord because he is an Englishman born, because he speaks not the same dialect, or because his stature is higher than, or not equal to, a certain standard of their own erection. But they are beyond the reach of all argument. Will and Power have, in their eyes, taken place of Truth and Justice; and, while they cry, 'Down with the Sassenach!' and 'O'Connell for ever!' their meaning is—though many of them would be far from admitting it—*away with the laws, as long as the absolution of our priests is ready to do away with all crime.*

"Robert was waylaid, a few evenings ago, as he

returned from a neighbouring village, and within twenty yards of his own house. He escaped with the help of his horse; and, as a musket-ball whizzed in his ears, he heard the lawless band consign him, both *soul and body*, to *the bloody hell!*

“ Shocking, indeed, is the state of things in other parts, when we, who are in a peaceful district, are exposed to such outrage. Vain would be any attempt to bring even the man who fired the gun to justice; for they are so fettered and bound together in a compact to resist the laws, that certain death, or banishment, would be the penalty of divulging his name.

“ But, as I said before, the Irish are a generous people. They have, among them, like all others, unprincipled and ambitious men; but these men rule *their* very consciences; exercising a sway which overawes all legitimate restraints, they excite them, by their constant harangues, in which they calculate their own advantage only, to an opposition to all authority but their own.”

I now felt intensely for my friend B——; and the dangers which beset him and his little family were viewed by us, their kindred, with an almost overwhelming anxiety. But other letters came, reporting a cessation of disturbance, and Julia even wrote in good spirits; so that by degrees we forgot our

sorrows; and, wrapped up in the conviction that better days were in store, we at last fell into the same train as before,—the apprehension, that B——, and perhaps his wife and child, would be murdered, while their house burned about their ears, gradually dying away to the mere remembrance of a dream. Thus, by the goodness of an all-merciful God, are we provided with those animal spirits which rise again, when the cause of depression is removed, to their former level. Like children that, through the long night, have lain in restless fear and perturbation, trembling at every gust of wind, we rise up to play, when “joy cometh in the morning,” as if our sleep had been as sweet as nectar and as sound as *lethe*.

B——’s health was restored, and, in the society of the neighbouring Irish gentry and clergy, he found many excellent and intelligent friends. I shall close this chapter with a long account which he gave me of an evening party at his house, on which occasion the guests who made a figure in the following sketch, were—Mr. R——, the dashing young squire of the parish, and M.P. for the county, with his sister; Dr. D., rector of a neighbouring parish, and his lady; and Robert, already known as the brother of Mrs. B——, and the writer’s wife.

“We were lamenting the evils—that is to say, I and our excellent neighbour, the Doctor with his wife

—the evils of a government made up of all shades of innovators, as of a machine the ultimate, and during its progress the most effective, motions of which must tend to the degradation of our vast Protestant empire.

“ ‘Why so?’ interrupted a voice from another quarter. ‘How is it that a state, composed of good, bad, and indifferent subjects, is not, then, in *constant* anarchy or confusion?’

“ ‘I maintain,’ said I, ‘that in matters of government, and particularly when the national worship is in any way concerned, all citizens have *not* an equal right to legislation—provided that there is one class whose peculiar tenets are opposed to and subversive of all the rest. How can it be reasonable, to admit, to a participation in the affairs of government, a man whose professed religion binds him, soul and body, to a foreign interest? You might as well take a spy from the enemy’s camp and give him a seat in the councils of war.’

“ ‘But religion, my friend,’ rejoined the young legislator, ‘is a matter of conscience, between God and man, and not to be mixed up with sublunary things.’

“ ‘It is so—it ought to be so; and if it be so, then Popery is not religion: for Popery enjoins—what?’ asked Robert.

“ ‘Oh! you have some tirade against relics and images.’

“ *Robert.* No, I have not. A man may worship his boots if he likes; but let him not teach me that, if I do not the same, I must be damned and shall be burned for a heretic. Does not Popery enjoin the superiority of the Pope to the kings of Christendom, in some view or other? This, then, is unnatural and unscriptural. The assertion that Christ has any one substitute or deputy on earth, is not only a pure invention, but it is a *farce*. It may be the *dictum* of Popery; but the *fact* is, that the Pope is an earthly prince, ambitious of conquest, greedy of gain. Our kingdom is viewed by him—by the Roman Catholic Church—as a renegade, and the anxiety—the all-engrossing object—of that Church is to recover that which is lost, that its priests may step into the shoes of our clergy, and its coffers be enriched, again, by the sale of its commodities, and the pouring-in of Peter-pence.

“ *Dr. D.* Well said, Robert; you have the truth of it, though your positions are somewhat crude. But, I was talking with Mrs. B——, upon the present state of this unhappy country—it is the worst the world ever witnessed. I trust I shall both live and die without the imputation of bigotry; but, that emancipation of the Catholics—that was the begin-

ning of troubles. It was, as Robert well says, unnatural, to give the full privileges of citizenship to men whose creed is the extermination of all others, the infallibility of their own rulers, and the bondage of mankind at large in ignorance and degradation. Owing is this state, partly, to the present coalition of anti-protestant and dissenting interests, and, partly, to the mischievous interference of the Roman Catholic Church which exercises the most frightful influence over the minds of the lower orders. Nothing worse than the mutilation of the Word of God, to favour the sinister views of earthly potentates, can be imagined on this side the abode of our great enemy; but, worse than this, the Protestant youth are to be seduced and corrupted, even in our own schools, by Roman Catholic versions of the Scriptures.

“ *Mrs. B.* Dr. D——, may I inquire of you, to what extent the worship of saints is cultivated in the Roman Catholic Church?

“ *Dr. D.* I cannot better reply than by giving you an extract from the public form of devotion in use among them. Here, for instance, is their *Missale Romanum*—a small pocket-copy of which I conceive to be a very necessary appendage to a Protestant clergyman’s table—that he may convince the gainsayers out of their own lips. In the Ordinary of

the Mass, p. 198. is this prayer—‘ We beseech thee, O Lord, by the *merits* of thy saints, whose relics are here, and of all the saints, that thou wouldst vouchsafe to forgive me all my sins. Amen.’ And the Breviary—the book they daily use—will furnish many such specimens of idolatrous prayer; all of which tend to prove that the intercession of Christ alone—the glory of God—is made of none effect by their traditions.

“ *Mrs. B.* They are certainly convincing proofs. But is it not remarkable that there are persons of polished manners and education—persons of amiable, upright, and independent characters—attached to a church, containing so much that is unscriptural, not to say absurd?

“ *Dr. D.* It is remarkable, but not unaccountable. Men are taken captive at the will of our common adversary, not according to their rank or station.

“ *Robert.* But what has always struck me as the height of absurdity, is their belief in transubstantiation. Perhaps, the Doctor will be pleased to give us some information upon that subject; particularly as I have always conceived the Catechism of the Church of England to favour, rather, the idea.

“ *Dr. D.* What is the inward part, or thing, signified—by the bread and wine? That is, I think, the question to which you refer. Well, the very terms of the

question give their proper meaning to those of the reply. I ask you—*not* what are those things which present the appearance of *bread and wine*, but, what do they *signify*?—of what are they *symbolical* or *emblematical*? and your answer is, *the body and blood of Christ*. Now let us pause here. Is it not so far in perfect accordance to the accounts, in the New Testament, of the institution of this ordinance? Then, how can any person, after these considerations, put a wrong construction on the latter part—‘which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord’s supper?’ How *taken* and *received*? The inquiry was for the thing *inward* and *signified*; and, of course, *taken* and *received inwardly* or *spiritually* as the thing signified—*the body and blood of Christ*.

“*Miss R.* But, don’t you think, my dear Doctor, that the ingenious Papist could explain away his creed, so as to come to nearly the same conclusion?

“*Dr. D.* Why, to be sure, ingenuity and skill are not the concomitants of truth alone. But I cannot see, how he could, consistently with his creed, profess not to believe in the actual presence of the real body and blood in the elements after consecration. The Council of Trent has decreed, that ‘If any one shall say, that the sacrifice of the mass is only of praise and giving of thanks, or barely the commemoration

of the sacrifice finished on the cross, and not a *propitiatory* sacrifice—let him be damned.”*

“*Mrs. B.* But are not those decrees considered obsolete?

“*Dr. D.* Oh! by no means. Every Roman Catholic priest is pledged upon oath to the creed of Pius IV. and bound by the same obligation, and I give it you in the real words, to *hold constantly, and profess entire and immaculate to the last breath of his life, all things delivered, defined, and decreed, by the sacred canons and general councils, and particularly by the sacred Council of Trent.* Then, as to the manner of celebrating the Eucharist, the wine is denied to the laity; but, as if contradiction and absurdity were never satisfied, Dr. Delabogue, one of their divines, admits that, ‘from the days of the Apostles until the twelfth century, the custom prevailed that the Eucharist should be received in both kinds (*sub utraque specie*) by the laity.’† Thus evidently at variance with the custom of the inspired Apostles, they still find encouragement to persevere!

“*Mrs. B.* Certainly, nothing can well be more absurd than the doctrine of transubstantiation; and I confess with Robert, that until your able exposition,

* Sess. xxii. can. 3.

† Tractatus de Euch. p. 214.

I was in some doubt as to the true sense of the Church of England.

“ *Dr. D.* But, not only because it is *absurd*, do we protest against it. We have a far better reason—it is *unscriptural*; and shows clearly what absurdities men fall into when they leave the Word of God.

“ *Robert.* And, pray, what do they say in defence of their creed?—for, of course, nothing so absurd as to be without defenders, and a defence, such as it is.

“ *Dr. D.* Why, they say something of this sort—‘ Christ has but one body, and the body present on our altars is not another, but the same that was born of the blessed Virgin, and is now in heaven.’ And this false doctrine arises from their confusion of carnal things with spiritual. Christ is omnipresent, we know; but it is *by his Spirit*—in his *divinity*, not in his *humanity*. When on earth, his body was not in the temple and on the sea of Tiberias at the same time; and now, though as God, he fills heaven and earth, yet his body is at the right-hand of the Father. By changing, therefore, the wafer into Christ’s body, as they maintain, he must either have an infinite number of bodies, or his humanity and divinity must be the same thing—the former of which it is impious to ascribe, and the latter is absurd.

“ ‘ The Council of Trent,’ interrupted I, ‘ decrees

that the Mass 'is a true propitiatory sacrifice, for the sins of the living and the dead.'

"*Dr. D.* And that is what we Protestants deny, as a mere invention and device, by which the power of the priesthood over the people was sought to be confirmed. Nothing could possibly so bind a man's allegiance, as the conviction that the pardon of his sins is in the power of the Pope, or his functionaries. The Epistle to the Hebrews is full and explicit upon the subject of the sacrifice of Christ; and, probably, from an attention to its real meaning, the Papists are driven from absurdity to *inconsistency*, or rather from one absurdity to a greater. They admit that full satisfaction was given to the justice of God, for the sins of all the world, in that one sacrifice of himself, which he offered once for all in a bloody manner (to use their phrase) on Mount Calvary: and yet they pretend to say that, in the Mass, that same and not another sacrifice is repeated in an unbloody manner, as the means, by Divine appointment, through which the infinite merits of the death of Christ are applied to the souls of the faithful—all this, you see, taking the power of God, through the Spirit of Christ, into the *hands*, instead of the *hearts*, of men.

"*Robert.* This, I believe, is said by themselves to be *incomprehensible*; and I cannot help feeling sorry that so pure a Protestant Church as that of England

and Ireland should still profess to believe in *incomprehensibles*.

“ *Dr. D.* I know what you allude to. The difficulty which the Church of England and Ireland has to contend with is one of *words* and *phrases*. We are *necessarily* driven to the use of the same terms as our enemies ; and hence they take occasion to upbraid us. But nothing can be more unjust. The doctrine of the Trinity is declared by us to be *incomprehensible*, and it is so ; but then it is not *unscriptural*, like the incomprehensible doctrine of the Church of Rome. The same may be said of the doctrine of the *Incarnation*.

“ *Robert.* Ah ! just so. One man says to another — ‘ Go and kiss the trunk of that tree, or you will be damned—make no inquiries—the doctrine is *incomprehensible*.’

“ *Dr. D.* The truth of our doctrines may be *above* reason ; but the truth of theirs is *contrary* to reason ; and reason is a handmaid to Revelation. You see, the Papist comes to this—the bloody sacrifice of Christ is to be perpetuated in an unbloody manner ; yet it is not different but the *same* sacrifice. Is there any thing, in Scripture, to warrant such absurdity ? The time, the manner, the method of its institution ought certainly to be had in view at the celebration of a sacrament ; and the Divine mandate, *Do this in*

remembrance of me, is quite sufficient to convince us that the *communion of the body and blood of Christ* (as we term it) is no more than a *commemorative* act of devotion.

“ *Miss R.* Surely the Roman Catholics forget that the *blood* of the cross is an essential character of that *one* sacrifice which taketh away the sins of the world—that, without shedding of blood there can be no remission.

“ *Dr. D.* That passage, ma'am, seems expressly fitted to meet the tenet we are combating. Permit me, to observe, further, that according to St. Paul, the *repetition* of a sacrifice proves its *inefficacy*: but the Church of Rome maintains that Christ may and must be offered up again in the shape of a wafer, and in an unbloody manner, to make the sacrifice on the cross of any use or efficacy! Thus they carry about the *hostia* (as they call it) or the *host* (as we commonly say), and enjoin the prostration of all who happen to come in their way: and you may remember that, some years ago some English gentlemen were apprehended and imprisoned at Rome for refusing to observe the injunction. I would not, for a moment, appear to encourage any insolent or disrespectful treatment of the religion of other countries; but, when we find *ourselves* in danger of being again afflicted with the scourge of idolatry, brought home

to us in our own, we may, and ought to be zealous in behalf of our Protestant Church and State.

“ *Mrs. D.* But, *Dr. D*——, they are very zealous, many of the priests, and almost all the more informed of the laity, among the Roman Catholics. I knew a lady who daily fed a certain number of beggars or paupers with her own hands.

“ *Dr. D.* Zeal, my dear, and sincerity too, may be appropriated to, or go hand-in-hand with, a cause which is destitute of truth. Nothing so common as for innovators and apostates of every kind to appeal to their *sincerity*, while their *zeal* is manifest. They have all made some worldly sacrifice. One man may have given up the pleasures of a quiet life, another the prospects of advancement, a third the countenance of dearest friends ; and yet all may be in error.

“ *Mrs. B.* Their sincerity, however, demands respect.

“ *Dr. D.* Undoubtedly. But, who that is in *earnest*, whether right or wrong, would *not* give up the things of time and sense, if he expected by his self-denial to obtain the joys of eternity ? and *sincerity* dictates this as the conduct of common sense and reason. *Truth*, however, may have left the abode of sincerity for ever. The dark and dismal orgies of Paganism, the self-destruction of the devotees to Juggernaut, the torture of their own bodies by the deluded slaves of Brahminical institutes—all these things are per-

formed in *sincerity*; but the Christian duties only can be performed *in sincerity and truth*.

“*Mr. R.* Well, Doctor, you and the ladies have had a long and interesting conversation upon the subject of Popery: and, as might be expected, from a clergyman and clergymen’s wives, and a clergyman’s daughter, have gone on very comfortably together. I must admit that I entertain a freedom of opinion upon these matters, which I conceive to be my birth-right, and for the avowal of which I hope I may not be misunderstood as offensive to any one. For myself, I cannot admit the authority of *tradition*, upon which the Papists seem to rest their (as you say) unscriptural doctrines. Tradition is the rule of a barbarous people, and the learning which alone ignorance may lay claim to. A free and civilized people cannot accept that which is the gift of a dark and unlettered age, with any feelings but pity and concern. Still, on the other hand, an Established Church has no right to the blind allegiance of the public mind. Papists and Protestants, ‘you are both seeking an unity of opinion, which is not attainable from men; which, not being according to the natural law, cannot be according to the revealed. But, while I protest against a prostration of intellect, to the authority either of Roman or Protestant orthodoxy, I cannot hold myself answerable for the errors of all who

unite with me in the independent search of truth. We must each be judged by his own doctrines; and one cannot be confuted by the other. Yet, why judge at all? What I have heard this evening tends only to satisfy me of what I have long thought,—that spiritual pride, and the thirst for spiritual dominion, are among the most powerful causes of Irish misery. I see in your irreconcilable disputes, and common intolerance, the greatest obstacles, not only to domestic peace, but to every common effort for your common improvement. It is the curse of this country, that it is overcharged with a fiery zeal, which is as fatal to every other virtue, as it is to Christian charity. It is this morbid excess and derangement of the religious feeling, or rather the ignorance in which these are founded, that has rendered Ireland the prey of every impostor, who, under the cloak of piety, of patriotism, or of political ascendancy, has sought to mislead her. False zealots in religion, false patriots in politics, of every shade and colour, inculcate a blind respect for authority; and Catholic and Protestant, orange and green, alike agree in hating and fearing the man who dares to think for himself, and act according to the dictates of an independent conscience. Give to Ireland knowledge, and you will soon give her repose; give her repose, and her fierce energies will be turned upon her own inte-

rests, and find a healthy and happy scope in a well-regulated and productive industry.*

“ ‘Bravo!’ cried Robert, who had, unperceived, crept up to, and was peeping through a muslin blind, behind which sat the last speaker with a volume of Lady Morgan’s dramatic scenes in his hand—‘Is that to be your next *spaaach* in the House of Commons, when you fight the *Repalers* for the hundredth time, without making any impression upon their callous hides?’

“ *Mr. R. (with an affected brogue.)* ‘Why, then, Robert, that isn’t the pleece in which her leedyship’s fine spaches will be laughed at, by the powers!’

“ I need not add, that the humorous introduction of this half-and-half measure put an end to the politics of the evening, and all parties separated, for the more inviting scenes of the garden and pleasure-grounds, in perfect harmony.

“ Yours ever,

“ R. B——.”

* Vide “Manor Sackville.” Scene iii.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The affable archangel had forewarn'd
Adam, by due example, to beware
Apostasy ; by what befel in heav'n
To those apostates.

MILTON.

ONE of the many striking features of the present aspect of (what has been called) *the religious world*, and that which most of all betrays the worldly-mindedness which is daily acquiring more dominion where the Gospel is *professed* to be the paramount object of cultivation, is *Apostasy*. I use the word, in its fullest sense, with reference to all those changes in religious faith or discipline which men appear to think themselves inly called upon to adopt ; nor do I use it altogether in its bad sense. The frequency of its occurrence, under circumstances which attest the superiority of the apostates, is, I say, a peculiar symptom of

the present restlessness of men's minds ; and, may we not, in some cases at least, affirm that there is a departure from that " charity, out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned ; from which some, having swerved, have turned aside unto vain jangling ; desiring to be teachers of the law ; understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm." (1 Tim. i. 5. 6.) ?

The existence of this *phænomenon*—presuming that *it is* a peculiarity of the age in which we live, and that we are not, herein, led away by the common fallacy that every thing of our own times is *new* and *strange*—may, perhaps, cease to excite our wonder when we reflect on the great power of inducement which the popular caprice holds out to the spirit of adventure—yes, adventure ; for matters of religion, no less than the affairs of science, or of commerce, or of politics, are now laid down, as the planks of a stage, for men to act upon.

Men formerly, perhaps until the reign of Terror which characterized the French Revolution of last century, were comparatively submissive in matters of religion, and confided the guidance of their spiritual principles to the pastoral authority and experience : but, now, things are different. Religion, it seems, like manufacture or agriculture, cannot be distinguished by too many varieties, or by too much experi-

ment; it is to be improved by man's devices; like the precious metal, alas! it requires the aid and ingenuity of our hands to bring out its brilliant qualities and give to it its real lustre; or, like the various modes of dress, *religion* must be adapted to the ever-changing whims of the people, with this difference that, not one *beau ideal*, but many *paragons*, each of all excellence in the eyes of its votaries, preside over the wills and affections of the multitude. The *idea* (to use a word in accordance to the universal tendency to go so far, but no farther, with *Scripture*, than it suits the taste of those who condescend to regard even this authority) that any men, or order of men, should be set apart for the work of the ministry, is now well nigh exploded; or, where retained at all, it amounts only to a cold formality of acknowledgment; and it is no unseemly thing—it is not now a thing which is viewed in the light of a presumptuous meddling—for an attorney, or an apothecary, not to descend to the (in this respect) more questionable variety of dealers and artizans, to unite, with his worldly calling, the avocation of a preacher of some new doctrine, or the old doctrine after an improved method.

With such a *world* for *the field*, what wonder, not only that many should take the goad or put their hand to the plough, but also that some should apostatize from their sacred professions, and regard their

ordination vows as "a tale that is told?" Yes—it is true—but I dare hardly repeat *what wonder?*—that some two or three men may be instanced, who, having entered into obligations of the most solemn kind, and, as long as men are responsible agents, never to be broken asunder, think it no evil to renounce their allegiance, and place themselves at the head of the enemies of the church. Need I ask, after the view we have just taken of *the field*, whether there are men so blind to all decency and humanity, who will willingly (ay, triumphantly) enroll themselves under the captainship of such leaders? Nay; let the apostate, having *drawn back*, or *being taken captive at the will of the enemy*, sit quietly down and brood over plighted vows now broken. Surely, this were deep enough to fall—surely, if even conviction forced him to renounce these vows, it were the last limit of apostasy to sit and mourn. But, to carry to the enemy's camp the tidings of a league made with the Lord of Hosts and broken, to present a credential the master-word of which is *ὑπερφίαλος*;—nay—through confidence in the principles of the party, not even to avow his desertion of the cause which, before God and by the invocation of His Holy Name, he had embraced, is a depth of depravity reserved for the present generation.

'Twere no argument, in such a case, that the sin of compliance with an impious vow is greater than the

making of it, and, therefore, the vow should be renounced. A bandit may be sworn, in a conclave of assassins each ready to spill his blood, to a deed which his conscience abhors, and afterwards deny to his vow that duty which he owes to his God ; and, even in such an extreme as this, he cannot escape the anger of the Almighty, if, with *heart* and mouth, he said—*So help me God!* But, what is the case of a clergyman, who thus violates all reverence due to Heaven, and tramples under foot every deference to which even human society is entitled? Willingly and dispassionately—not hastily, but it may be, after years of preparation—not without serious caution and remonstrance on the part of the Church—uninvited by any earthly power or inducement—he approaches the altar of his faith, stands in the presence of God and his moral image, and, being asked various questions, replies—*I will.* This is not a bare asseveration : it is attended with all the solemnity of an engagement with the Ruler of the universe ; and it were hardly too strong to affirm, that it is ratified by the very presence of the Holy Ghost.

Now, how does this man hold up his unblushing countenance—where are the principles of integrity by which men are held together in civil compact—where the everlasting responsibility to the Creator of men—in what cave of human falseness has he laid by all

those properties which distinguish man from beast, when he looks in that mirror which his fellows hold to him, and bid him view his own likeness in it, and tells them with unflinching voice, *I come to betray the cause? Behold in me*, he should say, *a man who was base enough to belie his conscience, and bold enough to summon God to witness the atrocity; but receive me, for it was all a farce. I played my part in it, through want of thought. I now relent that thus I made a mock at God, and perjured my own belief!* Of what sort are they who would accept the championship of such an one? Where is virtue—what has become of honest pride—to what dark refuge has common honour, red with the blood of murdered fools, betaken herself—when there are men, and men who boast that they are wiser and better than the rest, to hail such an accession with a shout? The men of old Rome, in pagan darkness, would have scorned such an offer. Wisely would they have said, as did the authors of the Saviour's death—*What is that to us? see thou to that!* But, now, the renegade becomes a living martyr to the monstrous reality of moral abandonment without disgrace—the apostate cannot fall so low, but he will find himself upraised upon the shoulders of a maddened throng, while *vivas* rend the air—the vitiated air—of this ill fated now.

The *omne ignotum pro magnifico* never stood so

high in human estimation as at present. *The good old ways* must be deserted. Strike out a path for yourself, whether through the intricacies of the forest, or across the morasses of the waste, and you *must* have followers—you *shall* become a popular preacher.

I have been led into these remarks, the more readily, because my own neighbourhood presents an instance of this worst *apostasy*, and my own parish is scourged by its consequences. The poor, ignorant, credulous people, who have never yielded, one inch, to the repeated admonitions and exhortations of their legitimate pastors to read *the words of Him who made them*, are led out by droves to hear *the words of a man's mouth*. Sad token of an iron age, in reference to the most weighty concerns of this life, is this propensity—this alacrity to hear and *obey* the voice of a fellow-mortal—a man who will die and be buried, coupled with a disregard of that which (let us say) *professes* to be *the Word of God*. Why! if men were not actually led captive, even against their carnal wills, at the will of the Devil, not any thing would be so sure to be rejected, one would think, considering them conscious of natural depravity, as any novelty which a fellow-sinner might start, building it either upon the exaggeration of any one passage of Scripture or devising it out of his own mind. But, they run to it, they cling to it, and, like the parasitical

multitude of old, exclaim "It is the voice of a God, and not of a man!"

But one great cause of this is not far off—perhaps, we might say, *the* cause of it. When Murder's first blood had cried to Heaven for vengeance, "the LORD said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not; Am I my brother's keeper?" Here is, *first*, crime, *then*, a lie, and lastly—what shall we call it?—that mixture of impudence, insolence, and self-exaltation—*am I my brother's keeper?! This may be viewed as the little leaven which now worketh in the sons of disobedience.* Their lives are not fashioned according to the Word of God, and they know it. A sullen indifference to the ordinances of His Word and a drawing away from them, is the consequence of a hardened, though smitten conscience. Then comes *the Father of lies*, and some new doctrine, calculated to retain them in their present alienation from the proper source of their existence, is the *bait* which he throws out. They catch at it, eagerly—"I know not," is their reply to any inquiries from within or from without; "the doctrines, which I have hitherto believed, may be false after all, and there is a new one here which takes my attention." But they *lie*. They *do* know, and their consciences, though smothered in self-love and the love of sin, testify that they know. Cain,

indeed, perhaps, knew not what might have become of the murdered body of his brother—much less of his immortal soul; but, could Truth have exerted her voice above the strife within, he would have said, in answer to the demand, “*Where is Abel thy brother?*” “Yonder his body lies; these hands have murdered him.” So would these unfortunate men confess, had they the grace to speak the truth, “Our former doctrine is deserted, because it interfered with our enjoyments—because it marred that peace of mind, which, now, *is gone for ever*—there it lies!” The next degree is naturally attained. The man who has embraced any false doctrine, “he feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?” (Is. xlv. 20.) How, then, should he not be carried forward to that stage of *enmity with God*, to which the Devil advanced even the *second* man of the earth? How should not a rancorous spirit of railing against all others, but especially against the great pillar upon which they lean—how should not the face, set *like a flint*, the eyes full of envy and deceit, the lips full of guile, the mouth speaking “great swelling words”—how should *not* all these things follow, since their origin is with that fell and accursed fiend who put it into the heart of Cain, when the mighty Lord descended to judgment and

justice in the earth, to add lying and insult to crime—not content with having done that which he ought not to have done, to deny his own knowledge of the sin committed, and to impute the inquiring *Spirit* to an unjust and warrantless interference.

The *apostasies*, which belong to those who shift their sails to every wind of doctrine, and go from conventicle to conventicle, without any concern for the matter of doctrine so that it be but some departure (though only in appearance) from the established worship of the Church, are not without a considerable share of our pity and regret. But they are nearly powerless in their effects, as engines of mischief; and may, perhaps, owing to the glaring inconsistency which distinguishes them, be considered, if division and separation must needs be, as rather advantageous to the interests of the establishment.

But, as if to show that *Apostasy*, as well as *Dissent*, are, for the most part, merely the effects of an insubordinate spirit, it is remarkable that they generally run through, and in, families. The head of a household becomes illumined with some *new light*, which he cannot but represent as light of a *spiritual* kind; but yet the effect of it is as if it were *material* light: all his family quickly fall into the conception of it, and, as if the *figure*, by which our Lord explained the necessity of letting our light shine before

men, were the *original* or *real image*, all become converts, and the enthusiasm extends itself, most probably, through some generations. I am not aware of any authority for supposing this the usual way of the Spirit of Truth; but I am aware that John, even in his time, thought it necessary to give the following warning to the Christians of his day: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

CHAPTER XXXII.

We hold that God's clergy are a state which hath been, and will be as long as there is a church upon earth, necessary, by the plain Word of God himself; a state whereunto the rest of God's people must be subject, as touching things that appertain to their soul's health.

HOOKE.

IN a generation (said to be) peculiarly alive to the various merits of comparison, competition, and, consequently, mutual detraction, one might be well excused in hazarding a few remarks upon the respective claims of those contending parties with which his connection is cast. Every thing is *puffed* in these days, down from the rich freight just imported to the twentieth degradation of the village huckster's. *Puff* is the presiding genius in the election of statesmen, parish-doctors, town-criers, and city-councilmen; he it is who brings his deluded thousands to the

“ Selling off of bankrupts’ stock ” and to the venders of “ patent medicines ; ” he opens wide the jaws of the lottery-office, and makes men, having forgot the cultivation of their minds, bestow a marked attention on the polish of their boots ; the “ public charities ” are puffed—the private gaming-house is puffed, preaching is puffed, when the design is to fill the coffers of the conventicle, and the fashion is creeping into the church. There is puffing both by sea and land—there is puffing in every public print, in every shop-window ; in a word, not any department of life, is free from this same puffing propensity.

Under a dynasty like this, nothing so natural as that, in every thing, every body should cry up his own opinion—the public is most respectfully appealed to, and John Bull is too good-natured not to feel the compliment and pass a flattering sentence. Thus it has come to pass that not even the affairs of religion can be suffered to proceed without the interference of change and innovation. By the merchandise of this world’s goods money is acquired ; and by the traffic of religion, *i. e.* by making what is really fixed, universal and immutable, submit to all the circumstances of variety, partiality, caprice, and vain-conceit—it has been found that the same end may be attained. But, as in the former case, success is insured only by great pretensions ; so, in the latter,

there is a rivalry among differing sects of men—all professing Christianity, but not all duly considering that as there is but one Head so should there be but one body. And, as the present day (it is said) exhibits the phænomenon of an union of all classes of Dissenters opposed to the Established Church; so the pretensions of each party come to be freely canvassed, and the Church (it is said, again) is in danger—of what? Of being out-voted because she is old-fashioned—in other words, because the original design of Christianity is not adapted to the modern taste.

Now, though the principles of any religion ought to be the source of its claims to veneration, yet one part of the present fashion is to put *them* out of sight, and wear, in their stead, a great respect for the talent of preaching; so that the *ministers*, instead of being servants (as the name imports) employed in the work of a heavenly Master for the benefit of their fellow-creatures, are in danger of being generally regarded as the great movers of the work and the guardians of its operation. One distinguishing feature of our Church is, however, a resistance to this *human* tendency, in that she declares in one of her “articles of religion,” that, “although in the visible Church the evil be ever mingled with the good, and sometime the evil have chief authority in the ministration of the word and

sacraments ; yet forasmuch as they do not the same in their own name, but in Christ's, and do minister by his commission and authority, we may use their ministry, both in hearing the Word of God, and in receiving of the sacraments." (Art. 26.) But, as might be expected, the enemies of the Church consider the "hearing of the Word of God" and the "receiving of the sacraments" objects inferior to the hearing of a sermon. This evil, it must be admitted, has also an extensive spread even among churchmen ; and the sermon—that which was originally instituted as a sort of supplement—is too often considered the thing for which they come together.

We are so long in arriving at the point in view that, to state it at once, one might (as was said), under all the circumstances, stand excused in making an inquiry into the claims of the *clergy* and of the *ministers of dissenters* respectively, with an eye to a comparison between them—*i.e.* so far as the comparison may, with any show of reason, be drawn. But, who and what should this one be ? It is hardly seemly for a man of either party to undertake this inquiry ; and yet religion has, after all the boast of profession, so few real adherents, that one would, in vain almost, look for a man, not actually pledged to it, who would do so.

In assuming to myself the irksome task, a few

words must be said, in extenuation of what may seem to some a too partial investigation, on my peculiar fitness for it. In the first place, no interest of a temporal, or worldly, nature, have I in the establishment, equal to what I should most probably have had if I had remained a layman. Secondly, my expectations were not higher than the result. Thirdly, my station in the church is too humble to allow the imputation—that worldly motives have supplanted conscience and integrity—to rest fairly upon me.

After having long and anxiously reflected upon the matter, I find that in two views only can a comparison be fairly sustained between the two classes of men under consideration—*i. e.* with reference, first to human learning, and secondly, to the question whether all, and if not, *who*, are *called* to the sacred ministry; and, with these two objects of inquiry before us, let us, in a spirit of candour and impartiality, proceed to a comparison between the claims, pretensions and authority of the *clergy* and the *dissenting ministry* respectively.

Human learning, then, is necessary for the sacred profession, just as the possession of tools is essential to the work of any craftsman; for, the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Spirit being no longer vouchsafed to the ministry, it is impossible to read and expound, and to compare the different parts of, the Scriptures,

without the knowlege of *letters*; in other words, without *learning*. Seeing, however, that divine goodness has already blessed the Church with such a store of works and translations—the effects of the united labours of learned men, a man may be “a good minister of Jesus Christ,” though he have not the same measure of talents. But, it will be granted that some measure is absolutely indispensable—that a man, for instance, be able to read and understand *his own language*.

Now, though a vast multitude lay claim to this attainment, not so many are in actual possession of it. It is one thing to give to words their vernacular interpretation, but another and a very different thing to read and understand them in their true meaning. This, I at once contend, cannot be done without the help of at least a knowledge of Latin and Greek—for Hebrew, we might perhaps rely upon the attested results, though this were a dangerous confidence, of other men’s labours. They who are ignorant of these, cannot universally be expected to know and feel the want of them; but a few examples will be sufficient to convince those who have to account for greater advantages.

“The *erring* and *extravagant* spirit hies to his confine” is the language of one of our own poets; and there are two words in it which no man, without a

knowledge of Latin, can possibly interpret. But, we must have scripture-examples. Various *words* run through the whole of the sacred volume, which cannot be understood, at all times, or ever, perhaps, correctly, without the help of this knowledge—such as *damnation*, *virtue*, in Latin; *schism*, *heresy*, in Greek; while many phrases, including *heaven*, *hell*, *spirits*, and other words, are equally unintelligible without the learning which is implied in the word *classical*. Who (without staying to collect many passages) could understand this allusion to the unavailing importunities of Esau—"he found no place of *repentance*, though he sought it carefully with tears," without a classical knowledge of the word translated *repentance*? I answer fearlessly, *no man*. To a Christian minister, then, it appears also that, not only his own, but *other languages* must be, in some degree, familiar.

It may be seen, perhaps, by this time, what we mean by *human learning*. With regard to our intended comparison, I do not apprehend censure when I affirm that we have in this respect a considerable advantage over our dissenting brethren, *upon the whole*. Great progress has been made in both classes of late years, and in both there are brilliant and shining lights; but we would descend to the level of common talents.

The *clergy* are, universally, possessed of some human

learning, and necessarily so: but the dissenting ministers are not. With the purest spirit of Christianity may consist a dangerous want of this; and it is, or was a few years ago, when I was more conversant with such things, very common for a watch-maker, a tailor, or a cordwainer, to assume, occasionally, the spiritual direction of a dissenting flock. Now, no man will assert that men of this sort have had an education fit for the momentous trust. Sincere and fervent they may be, but is there not an awful danger of false conceptions, misinterpretations, and erroneous constructions being put upon the words of eternal life? Nay, I will presume to ask another question—has it not often been the case that a man has stood up to *preach* who could not *read his own language*? This could not possibly attach itself to a clergyman, and the instances of the other must be comparatively rare. We lay no claim to universal fitness—far from it; but we may certainly arrogate to our ministry the universal likelihood of doing good instead of harm, and of sowing the seed of the *Word* instead of the tares of the *enemy*.

I wish to make no remarks which may derive to our order the character of self-exaltation, or vain-conceit, when I say that in many things, bearing a more remote connection with human learning, the dissenting minister has been successfully employed

in imitating the ecclesiastic—he has latterly given himself to *reading*; he has, in many instances, set up for a literary character; above all, he has accustomed himself to the word of God; and the results are visible in the general respectability, quiet, and decorum which now pertain to the class of sectarian preachers.

The other question, as it is of infinitely higher properties, will demand the whole armour of Christianity; and we set about it, not without many misgivings and fears lest we should be found in the spirit of pride, and bound with the fatal manacles of that arrogance, alas! so intimately interwoven in the natural complexion of the mind—it is “whether all, and, if not, *who*, are *called* to the sacred ministry.”

“Many are called but few are chosen” is a declaration not inapplicable, perhaps closely pertinent, to our inquiry, while we, in the first place, offer a few remarks upon the fallacy of supposing that all truly appointed ministers of the Gospel must, in order to show the validity of their commission, be thoroughly armed and perfect in their ministry. One of *the twelve* was not a true *man*, though a true *minister*;—another, though a valiant champion, was found guilty of denying his Master three times, and with an oath; “all,” but him and John “forsook him and fled” in the hour of trial. It is, therefore, an error of a very

grave and dangerous character, to suppose that unworthy ministers are wolves in sheep's clothing—they may devour the sheep and yet be incapable of discarding that awfully responsible commission which assigned to them the post of watchmen. Who will glory in this? Do not, then, accuse me of vain boasting, while I tremblingly assert that an unbroken succession from the Apostles gives a character to the subordinate ministry of the Christian Church, which *cannot* pertain to a self-appointed ministry, though this should have every good and perfect gift by which Christianity gives evidence of its reality *to the world*. What character is this? It is a character—and, oh! my brethren in the ministry, may we lay it to our hearts!—a character which makes man answerable for the blood of others—which holds up to view the alarming sentence—*go work in my vineyard—whatsoever is right that shall ye receive*—a character honourable, indeed, when sustained, but lower than the fallen angels' when dishonoured. But, with regard to the comparison—— it is an invidious word, but I pray for “the spirit of love and of a sound mind——”

Whatever may be conceived to be the manifestations of the Spirit of God, it cannot be gainsayed that the Christian ministry is *sent*—that it properly consists of a body of men *set apart* for the work, and

does not properly include those who are self-appointed. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest," said our Lord to his disciples, "that he will *send forth* labourers into his harvest." That He—the Lord of the harvest—did send forth the twelve Apostles, with temporal power equal to his own—*i. e.* with the power of ordaining ministers to the work—is too generally evident in the Gospel-histories to admit a question. However, to satisfy the least informed, we shall cite a passage or two from St. John, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me"—(xiii. 20.) Again, in that solemn and affectionate prayer to the Father, in behalf of the Apostles, the Saviour said "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world"—(xvii. 18.) And, finally, to crown all his former commissions, we find the Lord saying, after his resurrection, to the Apostles, "Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you"—(xx. 21.)

Now, we have proof of the most convincing kind that this Divine commission, imparted so often and under every variety of circumstance, was acted upon, in the election of an Apostle, in the room of the traitor, immediately after this assumption of the power delegated to the Apostles, and even before they were

inspired—the Lord himself governing their choice until his Spirit was sent upon them.* The proofs of their supernatural power, immediately upon this event, appear in the miracles wrought by them.† The thirteenth chapter of the Acts contains a proof of the validity of their ordination of successors and coadjutors.—“And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them” (*means* yet applied in the Church), “they sent them” (Paul and Barnabas) “away. So they, *being sent forth by the HOLY GHOST*”—wherein the power of the Apostles is *identified* with the operation of the Spirit of God.

This means of supplying Christian ministers was evidently intended to continue in operation for ever. “Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,”‡ cannot, as a Divine promise, consist with any thing short of this: and St. Paul’s interrogatory —“how shall they preach, except they be sent?”|| cannot be understood without it.

Thus the Church of England—having derived her *bishops* from a continued succession from the Apostles, who, as we see, were fully invested with the Spirit of the Lord; having a clergy ordained and appointed to the ministry by an authority thus derived from

* Acts i. and ii.

† Acts ii. iii. iv. &c.

‡ Matt. in fine.

|| Rom. x. 15.

the Divine fountain ; and being consistent with the Scripture in the means of thus continuing the great work of the Church—is a portion of the Apostolical Church. But it were a mere assertion to say that *dissenting ministers* have been *thus sent*. If there be such a thing as truth in existence, this would be in direct opposition to it. “ No man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron ”*—was said, strictly, of the high-priesthood of the Jews, but, by comparison, of the ministry of Christ, who has for ever delegated to the ministry of His Church that power with which he was sent into the world.

Thus, our Church does not refuse communion with any other Christian Church of this apostolical order—not even with the corrupt and idolatrous Church of Rome : her ministers are received into our Church without any new ordination, and their participation in our eucharist is the only act of conversion. For, as Peter lost not his apostleship by a denial of his Master, or as Judas, not before his death, was removed from the rank of an apostle ; so neither can any man, or heresy, or church, thus incorporated with the divine origin of Christianity, forfeit its apostolical character except with its existence. That

* Heb. v. 4.

which has gone forth from the lips of immutable and everlasting Truth cannot be reversed or annulled, save by the destruction of the body.

Thus, also, when it was thought to have in America an episcopal, or apostolical, church, never did the people dream of making *bishops* (and without these there could be no ministry); but determined on applying to the Church of England. And our colonial establishments are thus preserved in the unity of the Church, under one Head and Lord of all—"the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls."

But, though the dissenting ministry may not lay claim to the validity which characterizes the mission of our clergy, it may, nevertheless, be argued from Scripture that it has *a* validity. The exceeding goodness and love of our Lord has, it would appear, given a sanction to this sort of co-operating service, by which it is, in his eye, at least suffered, though probably with a regard for his peculiar followers, so jealous that it requires, in order that they may be efficient workmen, a hearty and sincere—not a schismatical and opposing spirit, to render valid the labours of such Christian ministers. One of his apostles came to Jesus, "saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us: and we forbade him because he followeth not us." Now, this was properly an exception, if it was any thing of

a Christian ministry, from the general rule to be acknowledged. It was not the foundation of *another* Christian Church, because there was and is but *one*. It was not a part of the *foundation* of the Christian Church, because Christ was not there—because he that was casting out devils was not one of *the twelve*—the foundation of his Church. A subordinate part of the same work was being done, but not with the same authority; but, though not the same, it could not be *diverse*; therefore it was *inferior*. “But Jesus said, Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us, is on our part.”*

A case parallel to this, is sought from the Old Testament; but I am not inclined to wander so far (though fully aware of the primæval nature of the Church) from the origin of Christianity. It is in the eleventh chapter of Numbers (verses 27, 28, 29); and the reader will, perhaps, be the more inclined to notice it, because the immortal Wesley has paraphrased the words in such a manner as to elicit from his great follower the observation, that “these sentiments are the more particularly remarkable, as they come from one who was sufficiently bigotted to what was called ecclesiastical *orders* and *regularity* :”—

* Mark ix. 38.

“ Eldad, they said, and Medad there,
 Irregularly bold,
 By *Moses* uncommissioned, dare
 A separate meeting hold !

And still whom none but Heaven will own,
 Men whom the world decry,
 Men *authorized* by God *alone*,
 Presume to prophesy !

How often have I blindly done
 What zealous *Joshua* did,
 Impatient to the rulers run,
 And cried, ‘ My *lords*, forbid !

Silence the schismatics, constrain
 Their *thoughts* with ours t’ agree,
 And sacrifice the souls of men
 To *idol* UNITY !

MOSES, the minister of God,
 Rebukes our partial love,
 Who envy at the gifts bestowed
 On those *we* disapprove.

We do not our own spirit know,
 We wish to see suppressed
 The men that *Jesus*’ spirit show,
 The men whom God hath blessed.

Shall *we* the Spirit's course restrain,
Or quench the heavenly fire ?
Let God his messengers ordain,
And whom He will *inspire*.

Blow as he list, the Spirit's choice
Of instruments we bless ;
We will, if *Christ* be preached, rejoice,
And wish the word success.

Can all be *prophets* then ? Are all
Commissioned from above ?
No : but whome'er the Lord shall call
We joyfully approve.

Oh that the Church might all receive
The spirit of prophecy,
And all in *Christ* accepted live,
And all in *Jesus* die !”*

This is just the view which the founder of the Methodists might have been expected to take. But there is a concealment of the fact that *two* men thus *prophesying* was the exception from the general rule of the *seventy* who were endued with the Spirit of the Lord ; just as the case of the man in the Gospel was

* “ Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures, by Charles Wesley, M.A., and Presbyterian of the Church of England.”

from the general rule of the apostolical order. Shall we then give preference to the *exception* or the *rule*? There can be no hesitation.

Yet it is singular that thus, in both Testaments, we should have evidence of the permission of God in cases of departure from his ordinances; let it, however, be taken with caution, and never let us forget that it implies, not hostility—not wanton separation—not political discontent—not causeless dissent, but a hearty concurrence, in spirit and operation, with the work of the ministry.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Ps. XLVI. 10, 11.

THOUGH such sentiments as appear in the last few chapters, stripped of all that strong feeling of partiality which, herein, I have not studied to conceal, were of course not seldom introduced into my sermons; and though I acted, in this respect, in strict and conscientious conformity with the vow made at my ordination, that I would “be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines, contrary to God’s Word; and to use both public and private monitions and exhortations, as well to the sick as to the whole, within my cure, as need should require, and occasion should be

given ;” I cannot withhold my opinion that such topics had better never be permitted ostensibly to enter the discourses of the pulpit. The introduction of such matter is apt to be viewed as symptomatic of weakness or apprehension ; and, such is the disease which at present rests upon the minds of a great portion of every parish, that zeal appears interest, warmth of affection is distorted to mean consciousness of dependence, and a pointing out of error is declared to be an impertinent interference, a breach of charity, or a mark of bigotry. Thus is the clergyman, not only cramped, but actually thwarted in the discharge of duties to which he has been solemnly pledged ; his best actions are viewed with “ a jaundiced eye ;” and there is no way of defeating the worst forms of popular ill-will, so far as this is in the hands of the political, or merely wanton, enemies of the establishment, but an uniform compliance with the cry of the horse-leach’s daughters, and a continual yielding to the encroachments of malice, envy, arrogance and conceit—not to add, that which must never be conceded, a winking at the indirections of the adverse party.

Upon these grounds, I discontinued the introduction of all controversial matter ; and, content to declare the whole counsel of God, without alluding to any existing departures from the line of truth and duty, I found myself considered, ere long, by one or

two of the least unreasonable sectarians, *a very good sort of young man*; particularly as, although I was heavily visited with poor-rates, I never dared to appear at any of the vestry-meetings (having been very roughly treated at *one*—this was enough); but, as far as I was concerned, left the whole affairs of the parish in the hands of the few, on our side, who can be prevailed upon to take part, together with, but greatly out-numbered by dissenters, who seemed to vie with each other, in indecent clamour in the chamber attached to the house of God; for my residence is near the church, and any one going out of doors can often hear their vociferations.

But, though I abstain, in my public capacity, from all censure or remonstrance which would glance upon any person or party, I am not going, *in this place*, to compromise the matter by any such servility as that which I am sorry to notice in the *conclusions* of many sensible and well-meant publications. It seems to be the fashion of the day, this *concession*; but there is a point at which even harmony and concord become criminal. Let every man worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without let, hindrance or molestation; but let it not be thought to be a duty to *give the right hand of fellowship* to even the man we may meet in the dark, with the means of our destruction, or to those who, if they

had the means, would turn us out of our homes, and bid us, with our wives and families, subsist on the tender mercies of the cruel and ungodly. I am not going to make any apologies for the excitement of feelings or the fervour of language,—not upon the rule that, as we obtain nothing of this sort from them, so neither should they of us—for this, indeed, would be a great concession in itself; but—because I am fully purposed not to commit myself beyond bounds which I can clearly vindicate for my own.

Thus, however, yielding to the humour of circumstances uncontrollable, fierce, menacing, and hardened by a sense of their own injustice, my life was rendered one of peace and contentment. I am *poor*, and *the people see it* (as Cobbett says): hence the miller and the brewer's man hail me with a nod; and my own late servant passes me with the same *kind* attention. But, I am thankful; and, if paying one's way be a recommendation, endeavour to be honest: hence, though the Dissenters *know* good manners, the churchmen only *practise* them, and I am honoured with a greeting, somewhat more respectful on their part. The others have got an idea of mortifying, as they say, not themselves, but their fellow-creatures; but the mortification, if not their own, is so far ours only as to tell of *what manner of spirit they are*.

But I had peace and contentment at home, in the

resources which my wife and children, my books and study, my garden and my own little contrivances, (therein, at least, unmolested) my pens and ink, and, over all, my Bible daily laid before me. At one time, my spirit rose, and indignation warmed my cheeks, when I heard my cause, and even myself, maligned ; but, now, I have learned to bear, even without any troublesome emotion, the things which are against us, and to rest satisfied that if ever it should be our lot to do all the good within our scope, our heavenly Master will be merciful in the judgment of our service “ in the cloudy and dark day.”

Even while writing the last sentence, I have been called from this vain work to one which He, in his mercy and wonderful condescension, has given even me to do. A widow with three orphan children, houseless, friendless, pennyless, almost without clothing, comes to ask for *baptism* in behalf of her infant at the breast. The parish overseer (of course, a Dissenter) has turned her from his door, and with much difficulty she has procured a ticket for this night's lodging ; but no more—no food. “ This is *her* story”—is it my business to question the truth of it ? “ May she not have practised the same in every parish where she could find a clergyman ?”—“ Who art thou, O man, that judgest another ?” Surely, her case must, indeed, be deplorable, to drive her

forth in the cold of January, to practise such devices, if we admit, even, all that could be alleged against her.

It is, oh! it is the secret encouragement of conscience which carries us forward in the face of obstacles, in spite of the evil that is in the world. If you have made one poor, smitten—perhaps guilty—breast to throb with a pulse of something less painful than utter desolation—if you have fed the hungry, and thrown in your mite into the treasury of God's universal house and family—if but one of the least children, ragged and forlorn, which your Father deigns to bless with the light of heaven, gives you its unheard benediction as you close your door upon the houseless wanderer, then be thankful that, even in these jarring days, you are permitted, by such an act, to vindicate the utility of an establishment, the greatest glory of which is that it provides spiritual food for the poor, and sets apart an order of men who have every inducement to afford help, comfort and consolation to the afflicted.

I have a vast source of tranquillizing reflections in those who *are* with us—they are, with the exception of one family, all who may be called intelligent (except of course the dissenting ministers); and from many of them, an encouragement is derived which sends me, not unfrequently, on my way rejoicing,

There are, moreover, many of the labouring classes, particularly those more advanced in age, who remain in the ways of old ; and it is a gratification to number in our congregations a fair sprinkling of persons of that age which is most generally *given to change*. In his "Legacy to Parsons," the writer states, with a degree of hardihood remarkable even in him, that the proportion which the communicants at the *Lord's Supper* bear to the whole population, is (I think it is) *one in ten thousand* ; but if this parish, most unfavourable to the Establishment—a notorious stronghold of Dissent—be taken as an epitome of the whole kingdom, we have, at each of four communions in the year, an average of about a hundred in two thousand five hundred ; or a *twenty-fifth part* ; which, when we consider the number of children, the magnitude and variety of scruples which operate even with the best churchmen, and the opposition of sectarians, cannot be pronounced unfavourable. If I err in this statement, it is on account of my ignorance of large towns in which, I fear, the multitude are led astray to an extent which calls loudly for an increase and continuance of those munificent grants and benefactions, by which edifices have risen, and are rising, in every district of the nation.

It is a fact, not a little encouraging, that more than £50,000 have been raised by voluntary sub-

scriptions, in compliance with the King's letter, in behalf of the oldest missionary cause in England; and this from the purses of such only as go entirely with the Establishment. And, we will not despair of the zeal or sincerity of the members of our Church, while (as, in the meeting in London, in favour of the Irish clergy,) more than £60,000 can be subscribed in one day, and in one place, for the relief of a suffering portion of her ministers. Nor need we apprehend that the spirit of Christianity lies dormant in our land, when we read, in such a letter as that of Mr. O'Connell to the electors of Westminster, the following admission—an admission, in which, every candid man will allow us to make those substitutions, which shall be added, *parenthetically*, as the occasions present themselves.

“The Tories” (this is the name given by the opposite party to the *Conservatives*,—that class which is eminently favourable to the continuance and necessary increase and amendment of the Church of England and Ireland) “are most formidable. Power, bribery, corruption, intimidation, trickery, and deceit, complicated and extensive beyond former precedent;—the smiles of courtly favour, the blandishments of the titled and the wealthy—energy, combination, activity, a talented but most unprincipled press—every thing under heaven put into motion to CONQUER

· ENGLAND—as Colonel Napier has it—and to regain from the British people that portion of political power which the reform bill has conceded to the nation.

“At such a moment as this, when the evil principle of Toryism” (*Church-ism*, or, rather, *Establishment-ism*) “is struggling, by the most foul but potent means, to regain its old tyranny” (influence)—“at such a moment as this, when nothing but the undiminished combination of reformers of all classes” (Papists, Dissenters, Infidels,) “can save the people of Great Britain, and especially of Ireland, from the prospect of a civil war, as the only mode of establishing popular rights on an irreversible basis—at such a moment as this, the man who, ranking himself with reformers” (see above), “and bearing the colours of the people, artfully avails himself of any pretext” (duty according to conscience) “to introduce discord and dissension into the ranks of the reformers” (see above), “is an enemy who ought to be denounced, and a wretched deserter, who ought to be drummed out of our camp.

“At this moment, when the active and bitter” (conscientious) “hostility” (speaking-out) “of the Tories” (conservative friends of the Church) “is arrayed in such formidable strength against the rights and liberties” (licentiousness and insubordination)

“ of the English” (Irish) “ people, what has been the conduct of the Radical Reformers” (thorough-paced adherents to Popery, Dissent, or Infidelity)?—(*London papers*, Dec. 22, 1835.)

To such testimony as this, which, when it is duly considered that the man who writes it is, from a long-continued practice of professional acumen upon the basis of good and versatile talents, most admirably adapted to the business of partizanship, is a tower of strength, let us add all the evidence which our own witnesses supply; and, if the churches of the metropolis and all large cities or towns filled with worshippers; the weekly accounts, in every provincial paper, of presents, costly and voluntary, to the labouring clergy; the support of all public institutions for charitable and pious purposes by the ministry and friends of the Establishment, to an extent which renders the proportion contributed by Dissenters insignificant; the origination of almost all works of benevolence,—if these and many others, be added to the testimonies furnished by the extreme energy, excitement, and alarm of our enemies, we have a sure ground of confidence that not yet is *Apollyon* let loose—that, in fact, the storm is over, and the noise which we now hear, is the rumbling of the disconcerted elements as they sink into (God grant!) an everlasting rest.

Then let me be calm and peaceful. Wherever duty bids, let me endeavour to obtain a welcome; and, if they turn me from one house, let me flee to another. The tossed bark is doomed for a certain time to change and danger; but she cannot founder, while the arm which upholds her is Almighty. So, my soul, bear thou the shocks and blasts of Time; listen to no syren that would allure thee to ruin; fear no empty phantom which may terrify, but cannot hurt thee; and, when broils and contentions shall have ceased, and angry passions shall be hushed for ever—when the busy hand, which writes out a denomination for almost every man, is nerveless, and cold, and clenched (not in anger but) in peace,—read, in the Word of God, of a haven, the prospect of which may forbid thee to exclaim, in the impassioned language of the King of Israel—“ Oh that I had wings like a dove: for then would I flee away, and be at rest!”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

As no man serveth God, and loveth him not; so neither can any man sincerely love God and not extremely abhor that sin which is the highest degree of treason against the Supreme Guide and Monarch of the whole world, with whose divine authority and power it investeth others.

HOOVER.

AFTER a somewhat long delay, came a second letter from my brother. It was short in itself, but referred me to several portions of the volume which he had taken up for his text-book. I regret that it is destroyed or lost; but my answer to it, which was carefully copied, I am enabled to lay before the reader; and this may do some justice, in the absence of all other means, to the letter of a brother whose talents are of a kind as various as they are splendid, and his genius nearly inexhaustible.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

“ Still in the field, and *Cobbett* still the word. Well: be it so. He writes in a lively style, and, though sometimes a *leelle* unguarded in his raileries, maintains a strong current right to the head of his object. As an instance of my ground of disparagement, the following petty, paltry contrivance (whether his, or not, I don't pretend to consider) cannot have escaped your notice. It is about the arrival of a wife, or *chere amie*, of Cranmer, from Germany.

“ ‘As the cargo was destined for Canterbury, it was landed at Gravesend, where the sailors, not apprized of the contents of the chest, set it up on one end, and the wrong end downwards, and had nearly broken the neck of the poor *frow*! Here was a pretty scene! A German frow, with a litter of half German, half English young ones, kept, in huggar-muggar, on that spot, which had been the cradle of English Christianity.’

“ Now, you perceive the end aimed at by this narrative—the appetite for which it is intended. It speaks the nature, tone, and temper of the writer more than they, who will chuckle over such a *savory relish*, could possibly be expected to discover; and thus it is that the cunning angler overbait his hook, and catches only such gudgeons as are to be taken by a mouth too full to allow them the opportunity of disgorgement and escape.

“ If there was, really, reason why Mrs. Cranmer should be so snugly transferred across the water, surely it was madness, of which we cannot suspect Germans to have been guilty, to inclose with her a *litter of young ones*, who (as we both know) have voices, if not tongues, and *will*, without respect of time or place, make a valiant use of them. Surely this is an *epigram*, but the sting is destroyed by being overwrought.

“ I am glad to find that even *Luther* and *Knox* receive a full share of accusation, on the score of private demerits, nay, (I had almost said) I only hope the accusation is not ill-founded: for, let us only have *all the first Reformers* (alias the last race of R. C.s before the Reformation), as black as former guilt can make them, and we have a tolerable presumption in behalf of the expediency of a *change*. But, though of *John Knox* I know little except that Hume (I think) calls him ‘ the ruffian of the Reformation,’ in support of *Martin Luther’s* fitness for the great task assigned him, I can quote from the work, alluded to in my last, called *Memoires de Luther*, written by himself, and edited by a French Roman Catholic. What are reported to have been his last words at the celebrated Diet of Worms?

“ ‘ Since your imperial Majesty and your Highnesses require of me a brief and simple reply, I will

give you one which has neither teeth nor horns. If I am not convinced by the Holy Scriptures, or by other reasons clear and incontestable (for I will yield neither to Pope nor Councils, who have often erred), I neither can nor will revoke any thing. The testimonies I have cited have not been, and cannot be, refuted. My conscience is a prisoner in the Word of God. No one should be counselled to act against his conscience. Here I am. I cannot act otherwise. May God help me ! Amen !'

"This undaunted man spake thus in a city, in which, it had been said that, if he entered it, *he should be burnt alive*. No less a personage than the emperor's confessor had originated this threat, and Luther was forewarned of it. Yet he *voluntarily* went. Yes—and we quote the translated words of a very free-thinker—'The song with which Luther and his companions entered the cathedral of Worms was a true battle-song. The old cathedral trembled at its new sounds, and the old ravens were alarmed in their dark nests at the top of the towers. That hymn, the *Marseillaise* of the Reformation, has preserved to this day its energetic power ; and, perhaps, in similar combats we may yet thunder again those old words, hard and sonorous as the iron *heart* (it should have been *purpose*) of Luther,—

‘ Our God is a fortress, a sword, and a good shield ;
The prince of this world shall not prevail against us.’

(HEINE on *Germany*, p. 67.)

“ And what are said to have been his last words, when he stood all but before *the judgment-seat of Christ*?

“ ‘ Oh ! my Father, God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, in whom I believe, whom I have preached and acknowledged, loved and celebrated, and whom the Pope and the impious persecute. I commend to thee my soul, oh, Jesus Christ, my Lord ! I am quitting this earthly body ; I am leaving this life ; but I know that I shall abide eternally with thee.’

“ He was one of those stern and determined men, who have been selected, on all occasions, for the greatest works of Providence—he was to the men of his age, what Elijah and his anti-type John were to the Jews, or Paul to the inhabitants of Greece and Asia Minor—and, therefore, we cannot wonder at a strength and nerve of language, even beyond the less refined period in which he lived. We must allow that he gives his opinion of Popery, when he says in a letter to a friend:—‘ I learn that you have undertaken to make the Pope and Luther agree.

But the Pope will not, and Luther also refuses. If you succeed, I will also, to follow your example, engage to reconcile Christ and Belial,'—though no Christian of the present day, perhaps, would feel justified in the use of such language.

“ While upon the subject of the Pope, let me complete (in my poor way) those remarks which were just entered on in my last. I must compliment you upon the ingenuity with which you have turned the passage in the Gospel to the account of the *supreme spiritual power* of the Roman Pontiff: but, to pass by this for the present, are you aware that some of the Popes, between the time of our receiving the New Testament and Christianity from them (according to your hero), and that of the Reformation, assumed even more than this, which were surely enough for any one fallible being? I am going to offer you a short sermon, upon a text in the New Testament, not all my own, but chiefly the words of Bishop Newton:—

REV. xiii. 15.

“ And he had power to give life unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed.”

“ This image and representative of the beast is the

Pope. He is properly the *idol* of the Church. He represents in himself the whole power of the beast, and is the head of all authority, *temporal as well as spiritual.*

“(I may just step out of the way to observe that this language is by no means disrespectful towards the Pope, *beast* being the symbol, in the apocalyptic parts of Scripture, by which *an empire* is wont to be figured.)

“He is nothing more than a private person, without power and without authority, till the two-horned beast, or corrupted clergy, by choosing him pope, give life unto him, and enable him to speak and utter his decrees, and to persecute even to death as many as refuse to submit to him and to *worship* him. As soon as he is chosen pope, he is clothed with the pontifical robes, and crowned and placed upon the altar, and the cardinals come and kiss his feet, which ceremony is called *adoration*. They first elect and then they worship him, as in the medals of Martin V., where two are represented crowning the pope, and two kneeling before him, with this inscription, *Quem creant adorant* ; ‘Whom they create they adore.’

“The *Brahmins*, by repeating incantations, profess to give *eyes* and a *soul* to an image recently made, before it is worshipped ; afterwards, being supposed to be the *residence* of the *god* or *goddess* it represents,

it has a *legal* right to *worship*. How nearly do all species of idolatry really resemble each other !

“The high-sounding tone of the popes commenced in Gregory VII., A.D. 1073, commonly known by the name of Hildebrand, who aimed at nothing less than universal empire. He published an anathema against all who received the investiture of a bishopric or abbacy, from the hands of a layman, as also against those by whom the investiture should be performed. This measure being opposed by Henry IV., emperor of Germany, the Pope deposed him from all power and dignity, regal or imperial. (See *Corps Diplomatique*, tom. i. page 53.) Great numbers of German princes siding with the Pope, the Emperor found himself under the necessity of going (in January, 1077,) to the Bishop of Rome to implore his forgiveness, which was not granted him till he had fasted three days, standing from morning to evening barefooted, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather ! In the following century the power of the Pope was still further increased ; for on the 23d of September, 1122, the Emperor Henry V. gave up all right of conferring the regalia by the ceremony of the ring and crosier, so that the chapters and communities should be at liberty to fill up their own vacancies. In this century the election of the Roman Pontiffs was confined by Alexander III. to the college of car-

dinals. In the thirteenth century the popes (Dr. Mosheim observes), ‘inculcated that pernicious maxim, that the Bishop of Rome is *the supreme lord of the universe*, and that neither princes nor bishops, civil governors nor ecclesiastical rulers, have any lawful power in Church or State but what they derive from him. To establish their authority both in civil and ecclesiastical matters upon the firmest foundation, they assumed to themselves the power of disposing of the various offices of the Church, whether of a higher or more subordinate nature, and of creating bishops, abbots, and canons, according to their fancy. The first of the pontiffs who usurped such an extravagant extent of authority was Innocent III. (A.D. 1198—1216), whose example was followed by Honorius III. (A.D. 1216), Gregory IX. (A.D. 1227), and several of their successors.’ Thus the plenitude of the papal power (as it is termed) was not confined to what was spiritual; the Romish bishops ‘dethroned monarchs, disposed of crowns, absolved subjects from the obedience due to their sovereigns, and laid kingdoms under interdicts. There was not a state in Europe, which had not been disquieted by their ambition. There was not a throne which they had not shaken, nor a prince who did not tremble at their presence.’

“The point of time in which the Romish bishops

attained their highest elevation of authority was about the commencement of the fourteenth century. Boniface VIII., who was Pope at this time, outstripped all his predecessors in the high-sounding tone of his public decrees. According to his famous bull *Unam Sanctam*, published Nov. 16th, 1302, 'the secular power is but a simple emanation from the ecclesiastical; and the double power of the Pope, founded upon holy Scripture, is even an article of faith. God,' said he, 'has confided to St. Peter, and to his successors, two swords, the one spiritual, the other temporal. The first ought to be exercised by the Church itself; and the other, by secular powers, for the service of the Church, and according to the will of the Pope. The latter, that is to say, the temporal sword, is in subjection to the former, and the temporal authority depends indispensably on the spiritual power which judges it, while God alone can judge the spiritual power. Finally,' he adds, 'it is necessary to salvation for every human creature to be in subjection to the Roman pontiff.'

"Thus ends the sermon, for nearly the whole of which I am indebted to the commentary of Dr. Adam Clarke (q. v. in loco), and now, if you are still satisfied that our Lord delegated any such authority to even the inspired Apostle, St. Peter, let us see if the

Pope (as you say) is the successor of this Apostle. The words, on which, as a *hypothesis*, your doctrine is reared, for the sake of clearness, let me first of all write down.

“ ‘ And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church ; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven : and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven : and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven.’ — Matt. xvi. 18, 19.

“ Now, this is exactly the portion which a Roman Catholic Priest would select for the confirmation of his great Master’s authority; and, certainly, without comment or explanation, it sounds very favourably—there is a mysterious certainty in it, which is well adapted to the pretended infallibility of him who so complacently takes the declaration to himself, in the sense most suitable to the interests of his dominion. You have gone quite far enough ; but does not that little word *also*—nay, the whole *and I say also unto thee*, evidently denote that this portion is only the latter part of a larger portion which ought to be taken into consideration, if the scripture is to be understood. Another *personage* can quote the sacred

records, to suit his purpose ;—but it is by mutilating them, and then just picking up the fragment which may be made to fit.

“ I would suggest that we take into consideration, also, the two verses which precede, immediately, your selection. But, first, we must preface a few words.

“ *Jesus* was inquiring of his disciples, ‘ Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am ? ’ and, when they had told him the various reports in circulation, ‘ He saith unto them, but whom say ye that I am ? ’

“ ‘ And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Chirst, the Son of the living God.

“ ‘ And *Jesus* answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona ; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.

“ ‘ And I say also unto thee,’ &c.

“ Surely this is a fair and comprehensive extract. It contains the *whole* conversation, strictly, between the LORD and Peter ; and, surely, the *whole* is what we must have in all cases involving truth ; for the suppression of one syllable might often make the *worse appear the better reason*.

“ The first remark which I have to make, is that,

though Simon Peter was the one to *answer* the question of the Saviour, the inquiry was made of all the disciples collectively; and, therefore, any other one of them, and more than one of them, might have answered. Now, suppose James, or John, had replied in the sentiment of Peter; for, having been equally instructed, they were no doubt competent to it—would the eternal purpose (for it must have been an eternal purpose, if we admit the Romish doctrine) of the Almighty have been frustrated?

“ ‘Oh, but,’ you will answer, ‘the Pope would then have been the successor of James, or John.’

“ Then the *rock* is immaterial to the understanding of the passage; and as *James* (according to the Spanish writers) planted Christianity in Spain, or was, perhaps, the first Bishop of Jerusalem, we must look there for the supreme pontificate; or to the place where (was it Ephesus?) John’s ministry was settled. Or else, if Peter had not answered, there would have been no *rock* for the Pope to personify, but he would have been the successor of one of the *sons of Thunder*.

“ It is evident that Peter was the chief speaker among the Apostles. He was the first in seniority; but yet, as his brother Andrew was called almost immediately after, there can be no reason why St. Peter’s suc-

cessor should be *supreme lord of the universe*, and St. Andrew's a mere *diocesan*; much less why one should be styled *father* of the other.

“The truth is, that the allusion to the *name* which our Lord himself had given to *Simon*, is nothing more than an allusion. It was our Lord's constant habit to take advantage of circumstances; for instance, when he was in the temple at Jerusalem, and the Jews demanded a *sign* of his authority, ‘Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.’ Now they who maintain that Peter, merely because his name (as they say) signified *a rock*, was the rock upon which our Lord declared that he would build his Church, hold the same sort of argument with that of the Jews, who replied, ‘Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?’ Christ vouchsafed no answer to them, and it is the Evangelist who adds, ‘But he spake of *the temple of his body*’—(John ii. 18, &c.) Similarly, the Evangelist (it is presumed) might have added, with regard to the rock, that Christ spake of the rock of faith, embodied in Peter's *confession*—‘THOU ART THE CHRIST, THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD.’ It is certainly far more consistent with reason, that our Lord should speak of a *spiritual rock* when he spake of a *spiritual Church*, than that, in speaking of a

spiritual edifice, he should specify (shall I say?) a *carnal rock*—the *name of a man*. The declaration of Peter elicited *the blessing of the Lord*, and an assurance that his declaration was the result, not of human wisdom, but of *the revelation of God*. Surely, then, after having thus honoured the declaration, or confession, of faith which had just been made in the presence of all the Apostles, it is not seemly to make our Lord recur to carnal things—it is, surely, more consistent to make a *confession*, which called a blessing upon the Apostle, and an assurance of its divine origin, the rock of a spiritual edifice, than to constitute a man, whose name (for argument's sake) was *rock*, the foundation of a carnal, earthly dynasty, such as the papal dominion.

“ Christ did not say, *upon thee*, but *upon this rock*—*upon this confession of thine* which, as thou bearest a name which has, in it, some allusion to a *rock*, is the real rock and foundation of the faith in which my Church is to be upheld for ever. The words—*And I say ALSO unto thee*, have evident relation to what had been just before said unto Peter: and what was it? *Blessed art thou; for no human power, but my Father which is in heaven, hath revealed unto thee*—what? why, *the spirit of the confession which he had just made*, against which *the gates of hell shall never prevail*. That which follows—‘ And I will give unto thee the

keys of the kingdom of heaven'—was a promise literally fulfilled to Peter, as he was made the first preacher of the doctrines of the kingdom of heaven to the Jews (Acts ii. 41.); and to the Gentiles (Acts x. 44—47 : xi. 1 : xv. 7.); while that which succeeds, 'And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven'—is as specially given to all the Apostles (chap. xviii. 18.)—'Verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven.' If it be asked why Simon received this surname—*Peter*? we reply, why did *James* and *John* receive the name *Boanerges*? Nothing is built upon, or deduced from *this*, in favour of any ecclesiastical power or superiority; so nothing can depend upon *that*.

"Besides all this, the words are not identical, either in import or construction, Πετρος (the name of the Apostle) signifying, the same as *Cephas*—the word by which the meaning is first declared—only a *stone* or *fragment of a rock*; whereas, the word πετρα is used to denote the *rock*—made up of such *fragments*—upon which the Church was to be built.

"Would that my limits would allow me to insert the substance of a treatise on this subject by *Granville Sharp, Esq.*, which is full of clearness, and must carry

conviction to every honest mind. A few brief extracts must suffice; although (and I had not seen his treatise) I find that some of his arguments are already feebly laid before you in the foregoing part of my letter.

“ — a *rock* is the regular *figurative* expression in Holy Scripture for a *Divine Protector*: *Jehovah* (is) *my rock* (2 Sam. xxii. 2, and Ps. xviii. 2.) Again, *my God* (is) *my rock* (2 Sam. xxii. 2, and Ps. xviii. 2.); and again, *and who* (is) *a rock, except our God?* 2 Sam. xxii. 32.

“ Many other examples may be found throughout the Holy Scriptures; but these six alone are surely sufficient to establish the true meaning of the figurative expression used by our Lord on this occasion; as they demonstrate that nothing of less importance was to be understood than that of our Lord’s own *divine dignity*, as declared by St. Peter in the preceding context—*‘Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!’*

“ — though even Christ himself is sometimes, in Holy Scripture, called a *stone* (λιθος, but not πέτρος), yet, whenever this figurative expression is applied to him, it is always with such a clear distinction of *superiority* over all other *figurative stones* as will not admit the least idea of any *vicarial stone* to be substituted in his place; as, for instance; He is called *‘The head stone of the corner,’* (Ps. cxviii. 22.) *‘in*

Zion a precious corner-stone' (Ps. xxviii. 16), by whom alone the other *living stones of the spiritual house* are rendered '*acceptable to God*;' as St. Peter himself (previous to his citation of that text of Isaiah) has clearly declared in his address to the churches dispersed *throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia*; wherein he manifestly explains that very text of Isaiah, as follows:—'*Ye also*' (says the Apostle) '*as living stones, are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices* ACCEPTABLE TO GOD, BY' (or through) '*JESUS CHRIST*,' (1 Pet. ii. 5.) Thus plainly acknowledging the *true foundation*, on which the other *living stones* of the primitive *Catholic Church* were built, in order to render them '*acceptable to God*,' as '*a holy priesthood*.'

" — *Christ* was also the *rock* even of the primitive Church of Israel; for St. Paul testifies, that '*they*' (i. e. the hosts of Israel) '*did all drink of that spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was CHRIST*,' 1 Cor. x. 4.; and the Apostle, in a preceding chapter (1 Cor. iii. 11.), says, '*Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is JESUS CHRIST*.' * *

* * The declaration of Peter, therefore, demonstrated the *true foundation*, or *rock* of the Church, which (as Christ himself testified) our heavenly Fa-

ther had revealed to Peter. And it is also remarkable, that the very next discourse of our Lord to his disciples, recorded in the *context* (v. 21.), should produce that severe censure against *Peter*, which still farther demonstrated that *Peter* could not be the *rock* on which Christ's Church was to be built. (Matt. xvi. 21.) ' *From that time forth*' (απο τούτε) ' *began Jesus to shew unto his disciples how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and SUFFER many things of the elders, and chief priests, and scribes, and BE KILLED*' (all the predicted consequences of his being the CHRIST, the character which Peter himself had declared), ' *and*' (that he should) ' *be raised again the third day. Then Peter took him*' (v. 22.), ' *and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord,*' (or rather, according to the Greek original, as rendered in the margin—' *Pity thyself, Lord*') —' *this shall not be unto thee. But he*' (Christ, v. 23.) ' *turned and said unto Peter*' [τῷ Πέτρῳ, the same appellative (signifying a *stone*, or a small part of a *rock*) which was given to Peter by our Lord, in the 18th verse]—' *Get thee behind me, Satan ;*' (said our Lord), ' *thou art an offence unto me ; for thou savourest not the things that be of God ; but those that be of men.*'

“ ‘Thus a fair examination and comparison’ (concludes this able writer) ‘ of the whole *context* completely sets aside the vain supposition of the *Romish Church*, that *Peter* was the *rock* of Christ's Church.

And I sincerely hope that a similar attention to this whole *context* may prevent any future attempts, that might otherwise be prompted by the prejudices of *Roman Catholics*, to bring forward again this long-disputed question, on which they have vainly set up the pretended *supremacy* of the *Romish Church* above all other episcopal churches; and that it may be silenced, and set at rest for ever hereafter.' Amen!
Verbum haud amplius addam.

“ Ever yours,

“ * * .”

CHAPTER XXXV.

The hypocrite would not put on the appearance of virtue if it was not the most proper means to gain love.

ADDISON.

IF we are ever to return to the unassuming details of a Country Curate's *Bios*, it must be done at once. So long have we been at Rome, that, recollecting my venerable old *Syntax*, I am inclined to take a liberty with the supreme right of *St. John's*, and ask a double question—" *Quid HOMÆ faciam? Mentirine scio?*" Truly, I have no disposition to *novellize*; and, I fear my reader will have been too long since disgusted with my ordinary tenour, to charge me with this design.

In vindication of my silly *pun*, if *Roma* ought to be written *Rhoma*, why may I not, just for a novelty, sink the *R*, seeing that we have hitherto conspired to

destroy the *h*? “*Mentirine scio?*” suits one coming from Rome, just as well as “*mentiri nescio*” might be said by one going to Rome.

Well, things went on at the Parsonage-house, much as any one acquainted with the tenuity of a Curate's means, when he has nothing but his stipend, would imagine. Children were born into the world—the *first* was modestly announced in the provincial papers; they were universally pronounced *fine*, and great favourites with all who had none of their own. At the time I write this, the eldest goes to school and *takes to his letters* with most astonishing sagacity. He comes home at noon and at eve, demands cakes or apples as the reward of his docility, and, through the maternal fondness thus allied to the maternal pride, invariably gains his suit. The *egotist* works in his garden—that never-failing and (by the way) most orthodox source of recreation and amusement; and, as every season brings its pleasant cares, the hoe, the spade, the rake—the liberal pruning-knife and borrowed saw—are followed in their operations by the delightful task of gathering, getting up, and housing. Some of the produce is sold, and our *friends* call us *market-gardeners*—much is given away, and they call us nothing. Besides, we had a pig or two—they were in a sty which the biographer had constructed—and he had often to give them their food, always

taking a daily view of their progress in obesity. And, oh ! it is delicious to go about one's place, contriving new devices and observing the issue of old ones, with the simplicity of a Cincinnatus; and behold, rising above our sheltering firs, the spire which, pointing up to heaven, bids me weekly to the public service of the sanctuary. It is a sweetener in the cup, which bids defiance to all the wormwood infusions of adversity; and there is more real delight in lopping off a bough, or turning a spade of earth, with the feeling of an independent, self-originated right, than in cutting a figure in the mansions or parks of the great, by the law of mere sufferance. Yes, verily, I had rather lay the dung, with these hands, in the furrows which I make, than place my legs under another man's table because he lives in a great house, has a great estate, and is (in due proportion?) a great man.

Well, all this is mighty fine; but, why not a word about '*my good lady*?' Poor thing ! she cuts every thing according to her cloth, is an excellent mother, and makes a dutiful spouse. Unwisely anxious about our affairs, she has (like myself) overcome at last the tendency to be annoyed by slander, or even lying; and, rejoicing in the affectionate kindness of a great portion of our acquaintance and in the good word of all, she, like Penelope at her spindle, resumes each

day's task—the likeness of its predecessor, not doubting that, ere this life be past, Lord Mammon will come and we shall be, like other people, well off in the world.

Then, there are the winter-parties into which we have hitherto gone: and, as there are these two alternatives—to sit doing nothing, and saying little more (unless you can talk scandal, descant upon the weather, ring the changes on the various rumours afloat, or play with conversation-cards), or, to take in hand—nay, verily, in your two hands, *the Devil's books*—we *play at whist*—at least to such an extent as the obstreperous proceedings of a table—round, but by no means so sedate as King Arthur's, encircled with young folks who have just come from school, together with the occasional bursts consequent upon the solution (in another corner) of questions such as “*Where did you first meet your admirer?*”—a business this, in which the too religious (Psha!) worthies generally pass the evening—to such an extent as these things will permit. Yes, we play at cards—at *whist*; and I have my misgivings about it: but, I must say, after due examination had under the auspices (I confess) of a liking thereto, I cannot see any harm in the moderate and well-timed recreation which this game affords. It certainly obviates much that would be worse than idle conversation; you

have in it an opportunity of showing your forbearance and superiority to the peevishness commonly displayed by the losing party ; it is a means of calling into use the faculties of memory, calculation, and forethought ; and, where there is no *music*—no *literature*—no *fine arts* (manifestly the case in this town), the only way I have yet been able to discover of getting from the *Tea* to the *Sandwiches*.

Many a time have I agitated the question—*Is a parochial clergyman duty-bound (i. e. do the interests of his office require it) to join in the reasonable convivialities of his parishioners?* If he is, then my argument above will come into use ; for no man would think of admonitions on such occasions. If not, I, for one, should be most happy to escape the unwelcome bustle, preceding, attending, and following them, to say nothing of hot-rooms and head-aches, sore-throats and linseed-tea ; though I am a social being, and could not well dispense with something in their place. And that he is so bound is evident from the following considerations : 1st, The example of our divine Lord and Master is conclusive. Nor did he cavil at the character of those whose civilities He accepted. “ One of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee’s house, and sat down to meat,” (Luke. vii. 36.) “ A certain *Pharisee* besought him to dine with him :

and he went in, and sat down to meat," (Luke. xi. 37.) The beginning of those miracles, which were performed in attestation to His divine power and authority, was in furtherance of the spirit of conviviality, and *wine* was thus provided for men who had "well drunk." He and his disciples were formally invited to this marriage feast, and went (John ii. 1—11). But what was the Saviour's account of himself and of the malice of his objectors?—"The Son of Man came eating and drinking" (an expression which denotes only a readiness to give a sanction to the rational enjoyments of conviviality); "and they say, Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." (Matt. xi. 19.)

2nd. As an *unbecoming* bearing dishonours, so the reverse will do honour to the cause which would gain little from a *negative* character of propriety; and, though the tavern or the public billiard-table could not possibly gain any thing from the acquisition of the clergyman's company, yet the domestic hospitalities of a private house, or the sinless amusements of a selected party, may derive from his presence much that is valuable, both in the way of example and on the score of restraint.

3d. The spirit of Protestantism shrinks from the gloom and solitude of monastic retirement and courts an active display of its fruits, in obedience to the

mandate—" Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven ;" and, therefore, though a Romish priest may abide in his confessional and further the interests of ignorance and mystery, let a Protestant priest be amongst his parishioners—one of them—their leader and also their companion.

4th. His presence (if he be a proper character) secures general decorum, and gives a tone to manners apt, at times, to give way to the reigning folly of indecency and ribaldry.

5th. His own professional energies require the sort of relaxation afforded by conviviality, in order to their being renewed when worn out, or kept up in an available condition : for, however *willing the spirit* may be, let it never be forgotten that *the flesh is weak*.

6th. They of the Dissenters, or even of the Church, who are hostile to such things, would not generally be won in the former instance, or bettered in the latter, by a rigorous abstinence on the part of the clergy, from social or convivial entertainments ; and

7th. By yielding, innocently, to the prevailing humour, you do more in the way of conciliating to the duties of our religion, than a stiff and forbidding estrangement from all participation can possibly effect ; not to say that this would endanger the best interests of it.

But this *whist* is intolerable to some—to many, who make a good profession; and I think, upon the whole, that, somehow or other, it ought to be conceded to the outcry. The absence of it can do no harm, for nobody (except by comparison) sets it up for a *good* work. There are, certainly, times when the clerical example will not operate to the disadvantage of the public religion—such as, I mean, when the persons present are not narrow-minded or prejudiced; or when particular circumstances render even laudable what might at other times be questionable: and every man must judge for himself. “If *I make my brother to offend,*” by *playing at whist*; *I will give it up*, will be the resolve of every man who has his heart in his calling; but, when there is no danger of this offence, *consulat sibi secundum Scripta*. After all, it is remarkable that, though *gaming* of various kinds is as ancient as the hills—for Herodotus speaks of many kinds, while subsequent writers as commonly make mention of it as we do, at least,—and though the Gentiles were, doubtless, addicted to it to *that excess* which marks its existence in all states of mankind where the Gospel is not revered, no mention of it is made in any of the apostolic epistles—certainly no direct and, I think, no implied notice is taken of it, though every species of vice is included in various catalogues; and yet, to hear the clamour that some

well-meaning folks (I dare say) raise against the recreation of a game at cards, (I do not include any game of mere chance,) and to see how much self-approval they build upon their fortunate distaste for it, or real conviction of its sinfulness, one would have expected to find it condemned in every page of Scripture: whereas, though much and frequent mention is made of evil-speaking, divisions, jealousies, and strife, how many seem to act as if these were, in their eyes, the cardinal virtues!

Let it not be imputed to me that I desire to make apologies for self-indulgence. No: the question is fairly this—shall we regulate our lives according to the *Word of Inspiration*, or agreeably with the conceptions and prejudices of our fellow-sinners? If I find not condemned in Scripture that which my friends condemn, am I to believe it to be condemned by implication? In other words, is the opinion of man higher authority than the Word of God? A proper use of our time and talents is undoubtedly required of us; but wherein does this propriety consist? We spend a much more than necessary portion of our time, and certainly an equal exuberance of our talents, in the acquirement and enjoyment of the comforts, not to say the luxuries, of life; and yet few complain of this. How many hours in one week, are given to the rest of the body beyond the actual demand of nature; yet

you cannot spend one at a *whist-table* without a crime. What more than necessary toil and talent are employed in the construction of a well-turned sofa, when a much simpler couch would answer every purpose; yet the man, or the woman, who calls *cards* the *books of the devil*, will lounge away a whole evening, never dreaming of the misapplication of time or the prostration of talent, which might be justly imputed. Is not the truth in this—" *To the pure all things are pure?*" But no man, in the commission of actual and forbidden sin can be *pure*; and, therefore, this declaration cannot be wrested to give encouragement to sin. " *Man looketh on the outward appearance;*" but this is not the view which *Omnipotence* takes. The spirit, in which any thing, of a character which bears, or is capable of bearing, different imputations, is done, *that* is presented to the eyes of our *Almighty Judge*; and no man is permitted to judge another in such matters.

Music again, is another source of objection to some specimens of the genus *clericus*; but I know of no valid grounds upon which this can be fairly raised, except against the excess of it, or the impure tendency of that sort of music which is accompanied with amorous or lascivious sentiments or gestures. Taken in conjunction with dancing, I am willing to admit that we have a combination of amusement in which I

think none of this *genus* can innocently participate—*innocently*, I say, because I mean *without doing*, or *running the risk of doing great injury* to the cause of true religion. An exception, perhaps, might hold in favour of purely family parties; but yet, I never knew of any family who both could and would raise a dance exclusively among themselves.

That *music and dancing* may be safely conceded to the laity, so far as when divested of all *operatic* or seductive fascinations, we may at once conclude: for, *in such a light*, nothing more is in it than a species of bodily exercise and recreation according to certain measures; and a presumption in its favour may, perhaps, be granted to emanate from that beautiful parable—so touchingly simple—so purely affecting—in which the father (the emblem of our Father which is in heaven) makes merry and is glad—showing his feelings, especially, by this method—at the return of his prodigal but repentant son.

We have now only to glance at the *theatre*—though our town has not one—and then we shall have embraced all those things which are so often denounced from the pulpit of the conventicle—would that blacker crimes and grosser sins were half as loudly and as vehemently proscribed by those who, generally speaking, have not the relish or qualification for the enjoyment of the things which alone they

condemn! The modern *stage* is certainly corrupt, though even yet some respectable characters linger on its boards. It has deeply degenerated from all the original intentions of the *drama*, and lives only to delight the senses by the ludicrous, the *materially* sublime, the wanton, or the dazzling, exhibition of human art and contrivance. The *orchestra*, though retaining something of the *art*, has come down, or up, to a stirring appeal of drums and trumpets. Mars has taken the muses under his patronage, and the *general* order is, *Be loud and clamorous—reach the ears of those without, and never mind the hearts of those within.* The *house*, and this is enough to say, is in such a state of licentiousness, that the strictest vigilance of a father in the upper ranks of life would be necessary to preserve the youth of both sexes from palpable contamination. Upon the whole, our theatre, in its progress from Heathen to Christian lands, has neither been deprived of those appendages which should belong only to the former, nor has it acquired that *tone* which ought to be characteristic of the latter. To have a play-house in any thing like a healthy or useful condition, let its doors be shut against every thing which offends the eye of modesty or attracts the glance of profligacy—let it be a *national* feature, not the green-house for those *exotics* which, either coming to empty our pockets or bring-

ing their easy manners to corrupt our minds, should flourish beneath those suns which warmed them in their cradles. I conclude this chapter by *giving judgment* that no clergyman ought, as a clergyman, to be seen at a play-house—if he go, as an individual or as a stranger, the condemnation is much less and the danger exclusively his own.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart;
Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part.

DRYDEN.

IN a former chapter, there was made some allusion to certain ceremonials pertaining to the Greek Church. At the time of writing that, it was not in my power to lay before the reader any tolerable account of them. Now, however, through the favour of a long letter from my brother, I am enabled to afford such an one, I believe, as will be worth the reading, and, therefore, justify me in inserting it here.

A copy of the letter shall be given *verbatim*; and any remarks which I may have to make shall be added in the shape of notes.

“ I cannot give the date, but am almost certain *the Blessing of the Waters* takes place in the month of January. It forms, indeed, a most imposing

spectacle, and brought to my mind the solemn rites, and stately character of things and persons, so often alluded to in the Scriptures. On taking up my place among the crowd, I got near enough to remark the whole scenic part—the language of the piece being of course lost upon me. I found a small Grecian temple constructed of wood for the occasion on the ice, in which an opening had been made in the form of a cross—*i.e.* the Greek cross †, not the Latin one ‡.* The temple was placed over the

* It may not be unacceptable to the general reader, if we attempt an account of the origin of this division of Christendom into the Greek and Latin, or Eastern and Western Churches. From the division of the Roman empire (A.D. 323, when Constantine the Great fixed upon Byzantium for the new capital of his dominions, and called it Constantinopolis) into the Eastern and Western empires, till the final dissolution of the latter, the subjects of both were indifferently known by the name of Romans. But the people of the West, soon after this event, appear to have lost their general name, and to have been denominated after the respective kingdoms which were established upon the ruins of their empire. As the Eastern empire, however, escaped the ruin which fell upon the other, so its subjects still retained the name of Romans, and called their dominion *Ἡ Ῥωμαϊκή βασιλεία*, *the Roman empire*; and by this name, this monarchy was known among them till its final dissolution in the middle of the fifteenth century, by Mohammed II., the Sultan. But the subjects of the Eastern Emperor, ever since the time of Charlemagne or before (more particularly in the age of the Crusades and afterwards) called the people of the West, who were under the influence of the Romish Church, *Latins*, and their church, *the Latin Church*.

heart, or centre, of the cross. Its cupola was highly gilt, and the light pilasters, which supported it, richly ornamented and coloured; the lower part, or base, being hung with gorgeous tapestry. From this temple to the Winter-palace,* was a continued platform covered-in and decked with crimson cloth; and the out-skirts of this temporary passage for the Czar and his court, with the patriarch, and indeed the whole procession, was guarded with lines of horse-men, in short, the Emperor's Life-guards.

"After waiting some time gazing, like the expectant crowd, on the palace, I at length descried the gorgeous banners coming slowly forth from the palace, and my ear at the same time caught the solemn strains of music, or, rather, chanting, which wafted, as it was, from a number of voices, flung a deep and affecting sound over the multitude. The people uncovered their heads, and the distant procession gradually swelled out until the eye became dazzled with looking on a gorgeous mass of emblazoned *Labarums*,† which swung to and fro before the frosty air.

And the western people, in return, called the Eastern Church *the Greek Church*, and the members of it *Greeks*.

* This exhibition takes place at St. Petersburg.

† *Labarum* is, I believe, the name for the Scythian banner—indeed, the swallow-tailed oriflamme of France, and the banners of that shape, are all derived from the Gothic ages and the Goths themselves.

Below these sheets of glowing silk, silver and gold, the robes of the priests might be denoted, which were no less sumptuous in appearance (the *dalmatiques* of the Greek priests being infinitely more showy and splendid than those of the Latin, or Romish, Church). On every side military bands struck up a solemn crash of music which made such occasional pauses as allowed the *cantata* of the priests to ascend audibly above all other notes. Nothing can exceed the church-singing of Russia—it is imposing and grand beyond description, and I can never forget the emotion I felt on hearing it on this occasion. The multitude fixed one steadfast gaze on the slowly, yet majestically, moving column. The faces of all seemed blanched with the inward feeling of awe which the scene inspired. All crossed themselves over and over again, and muttered the Russian Ave—‘Hes-podee pomelu nas!’ *i.e.* ‘God have mercy upon us!’

“Soon the person of the Emperor advanced to view. He was habited in a plain general’s uniform, and walked by the side of the venerable metropolitan, or patriarch, whose snowy beard swept his breast, and extended to his waist. The patriarch’s robe was magnificent—in short, what might be expected for one who is the head of a church remarkable for its pomp and magnificence. The jewels glistened in the sort of crown he wore, which was worn also by the

train of papas (answering to prelates) that followed. The Emperor was uncovered, though, as a preventive from cold (a want of faith by the bye), he wore a wig so fashioned as to escape detection, and *I* did not perceive it until told by a person near me.

“The whole *cortege* approached the temple, into which the Emperor with the patriarch entered, followed by most of the leading dignitaries, and, as the platform wound round the temple, the entire retinue glided about it, in order to return as they came. The usual chant continued, amid clouds of incense that curled from the temple, until, of a sudden, the voices and the music swelled into a deeper strain, when reports of cannon resounded from the castle opposite, and indeed from every part of the city. The banners were waved proudly through the air, and the populace burst out into loud acclamations, and rushed headlong to the river to dip pots, cans, jugs, pitchers, and what not, into the aperture beneath the temple.

“My solemn gravity here gave way, for I saw the benighted beings ducking each other, thrusting little children into the cold stream beneath the ice, flinging the water over their clothes and persons, in fact—wallowing in every form amid the ‘*blessed waters*.’

“The procession returned as it came, save that the Czar bowed to the people, and that the standards and banners were streamed more wildly through the air.

The people seemed to me to be suddenly changed from a mass of grave, thinking souls to a crowd of madmen. I saw them running in all directions with bottles of water; and, in the evening, I found a small phial on my bed-room table, placed by the servant, who said a friend had given her *a full quart bottle*, and that she could spare me that. I forget what became of my phial of blessed water; but I remember what I have related, my dear brother, and no more."

"The performance of the Easter rituals is no less imposing. Indeed, all the forms of the Greek Church, as enacted in Russia, are truly grand and impressive, and, from the full-flowing beards of the priests, all the associations of Scripture seem to crowd upon the imagination of a beholder.

"The long Fast, termed in Russia '*Veleeky Post*' (Great Fast), ends with the Ascension.* It is most rigidly observed, many of the people being reduced to a state of weakness by the extreme maceration they undergo. From this ascetic period, they fall into the opposite mode of life, the Easter fête being altogether a season of riot and debauchery.

"The ceremony, that is, the closing ceremony of

* This fast corresponds to our Lent, or Spring fast; and I conclude, therefore, my brother means what we call the *Resurrection* of our Lord from the grave.

the Fast, takes place at midnight, so as to mark the first moment of the day of Ascension. I was spending the evening with an English friend, at his house, when he proposed, on my account, to go down to the Kasan Church—the principal church of St. Petersburg—in order to witness the ceremony. The crowd round the portals was very great, and the semicircular avenue of massive pillars leading to the entrance (imitative of that of St. Peter's at Rome) was thronged with people, many of whom carried large baskets of provisions, ready to be distributed to the poor immediately after the Ascension should be declared to have taken place. I observed several cloths were spread over the pavement of the Colonnade, near the steps, preparatory to placing thereon different articles of food for the hungry.

“ All who entered the body of the church took wax-tapers in their hands, and we did the like, having purchased them near the door-way. We then pushed our way, claiming good places from the respectable size of our tapers—yet, be it known, no precedence or pride of place is permitted in the Russian Church, all persons being considered equals before God, and all obliged alike to stand during the whole ceremony, from the Emperor to the meanest serf. But the Russians are a quiet and inoffensive people, and always yield, with a meek spirit, to any

blustering personage; and are, moreover, particularly desirous that foreigners should witness their religious ceremonies, of which they entertain, and not without reason, a very exalted notion.

“ Well—we entered the body of the building. How shall I describe my feelings? A blaze from a thousand tapers met my eye—they were supported by as many silent mortals, whose hands seemed to totter with religious awe as they held them. At the further extremity of the Church, a half-stifled chaunt issued forth. It proceeded from the part devoted to the service beyond the *Ikonastas*, or skreen, and sounded like solemn singing in the vaults below. Thus we waited for about half an hour, when the silver door of the *Ikonastas** was thrown open, and the officiating

* “ The *Ikonastas* is, I believe, the Greek name for what we term, in our Cathedrals, the *skreen*; and, as all the beauty of fret-work and tracery is bestowed on that part in our Cathedrals, so in the Greek Church it is covered with *pictured* saints, gems, and gold. The Greek Church admits of no *graven* images, but pictures. Therein the schism took place at the Council of Nice.” †

† There being just now visible the phænomenon of almost all Protestant dissenters, combined with the Papists to overthrow the Church of England, we cannot too often urge upon our Protestant brethren the necessity of considering well, before they march to battle with such allies.—Dissenters! Your greatest champion, Dr. Adam Clarke, has left this observation upon the second commandment in the 20th chapter of Exodus: “ To countenance its *image worship*, the *Roman Catholic Church* has left the whole of

priests came forth in silence—such silence as made the click of the swinging censers quite audible, while their fragrant fumes scented the place. The whole crowd in the body of the Church sunk their heads, and would have knelt, had the throng been less dense—in short, they all bent forward, we among the rest, and remained in that posture until the priests had left the Church and the doors were closed after them. I grew tired of bending (shame on me!) and my companion whispered me that it would soon be over. ‘Don’t be startled,’ he said, ‘for there’ll be a tremendous crash directly.’ All was silent as death. I could distinctly hear the flickering of the tapers, and even the dripping of wax from those near me who held their candles too obliquely—and—saints forgive me! but—they anointed my frock-coat with swealings

this second commandment out of the decalogue, and thus lost one whole commandment out of the *ten*; but to keep up the *number* they have divided the *tenth* into *two*. This is totally contrary to the faith of God’s elect, and to the acknowledgment of that truth which is according to godliness. The verse is found in every MS. of the *Hebrew Pentateuch* that has ever yet been discovered. It is in all the *ancient versions*, Samaritan, Chaldee, Syriac, Septuagint, Vulgate, Coptic, and Arabic; also in the Persian, and in all modern versions. There is not one word of the whole verse wanting in the many hundreds of MSS. collected by *Kennicott* and *De Rossi*. This corruption of the word of God, by the Roman Catholic Church, stamps it, as a *false* and *heretical church*, with the deepest brand of ever-during infamy!”

of spermacetti, and one man's beard was singed at my elbow, which destroyed my gravity; for he vociferated 'Chorrit! Chorrit!' (the Devil! the Devil!)

"In the midst of this silence, I heard the clock strike *Twelve*; and, a minute afterwards, the doors were slammed back with a violence like thunder. The priests rushed in, with a frantic mien, and exclaimed aloud 'The body is gone! Christ is risen! Christ is risen!' (in their own tongue). Then burst forth a peal of psalmody which shook the building—the people joining in the churus, "Christ is risen! Lord have mercy on us!" It seemed that a thousand instruments and a thousand human voices were blent together in one solemn strain. I was so affected that I could not give utterance to my ideas till I reached my friend's house, who, himself a gay, roystering fellow, was pale as death, and, throwing himself on his sofa, said, half joking, 'It's a solemn business, is it not? We think these people barbarians in England, but we think differently when we see them.'

"I should say that, as I came out of the Church, the people were throwing loaves of bread and hard-boiled eggs, curiously coloured, on every side. A sort of small pancake, like our crumpets, were spread profusely on the white cloths, smoking hot, and in-

vitations were poured forth in these terms —‘ Brothers ! eat, and be joyful—Christ is risen, and we are saved ! Eat, and be glad !’ The people kissed each other, and, the whole way back, my ears were stunned with loud cries of ‘ *Chrystos vosa crystos !*’ (Christ is risen), to which the response ‘ he is risen !’ was equally vociferous. We saw the doors of the chief mansions and houses of the great flung wide open, and persons calling from the lighted vestibules —‘ Come in, and eat with us, for Christ is gone forth to save us !’ The indigent, the infirm, and the aged, were seen tottering up the steps, and assisted to the board on which a profusion of boiled eggs was heaped up in pyramids, presenting every colour, and there were quantities of the cakes, answering in character and purpose to our hot-cross-buns—for they are eaten by all ranks, even to the emperor. The eggs seem, also, to form a general association with Easter festivities. Even with us, garlands, interspersed with birds’ eggs, are common. You will, perhaps, be acquainted with the reason of all this. I have heard that the egg is chosen as a symbol of abundance and plenitude.

“ This is, I think, all I can say, or all the information I can give you ; and, as I had only a cursory glance at these things, the impression on my mind has now become like that which a dream leaves. But I

have told you all that passed before me. Their prayers, like those of the Latin Church, seem confined to the priesthood, and the people merely give vent to loud ejaculations of ‘God have mercy upon us!’ leaving the rest to the care of the priests, or *papas*. In their devotions, they bend lowly, on their knees, and strike their foreheads on the floor. In short, their ceremonials savour of olden time. We appear to have modernized religion—made it a subject of fashion or improvement, while theirs presents the barbaric splendour which we bring to mind on perusing those parts of the Bible which treat of the patriarchs, the chief priests and elders, and so forth. I must confess to you that I have never felt that sense of awe in our temples of God, which I have experienced in either a Latin or a Greek church.”

If I have any remarks worthy to be made upon the latter part of this letter, they are these—It seems that the only connection between eggs and the festivities of Easter is to be found in the circumstance, that they are peculiarly the natural animal product of the season of the year in which Easter is observed. For the purpose of the Russian festival, they are a convenient sort of food; not, however, that they may not only offer a striking emblem of abundance and plenitude, but also convey, to the Christian mind,

a strong assurance of the power and goodness of Him who, in his own resurrection from the dead, hath given us full hope of that general resurrection ‘both of the just and unjust,’ unto which the whole creation travaileth in pain, “waiting for the manifestation of *the sons of God*.” I cannot perceive, in the boyish practice of intermixing the shells of eggs, so common in the Easter holidays, any thing more than a most ancient custom, having its origin, probably, in the beautiful variety which their colours exhibit in a season in which flowers are not common. Easter is a delightful, heart-stirring season; and no contrivance, by which our gladness of heart is wont to be exhibited, ought to be considered unaccountable; since we have, in it, both an assurance of all earthly good things, and a spiritual earnest of that glorious inheritance bequeathed by a risen Saviour to “the saints in light.”

It is not difficult to discover, in the letter quoted above, that both divisions of the old Romish Church, are in a state of corruption and delusive superstitions strikingly at variance with the simplicity of the Gospel; and it is not easy to say, though appearances are certainly in favour of the Greek Church, which of the two has most defiled herself with the abominations of the earth. That men—rational, and accountable to God alone—should leave their prayers

to the care of others, contenting themselves with vain repetitions, like the heathen!—worshipping God with the motions of their bodies! No—we have not *modernized* religion; but, by our protest against external pageantry, we profess to return to the religion of Him who came—not to perpetuate “the barbaric splendour” by which, not *the patriarchs*, but the *chief priests and elders* only dazzled the eyes of the people, but—to bring “life and immortality to light.”

How clear a proof, that “the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned,” is this sentiment of my dear brother’s.—“I have never felt that sense of awe in our temples of God, which I have experienced in either a Greek or a Latin church.” May such a sense of awe never usurp the sense of dependence but assurance—of humility but hope—of sorrow yet joy—which is the essence of pure Christianity! The sense of awe, produced by the assemblage of carnal things, would find its way to the heart of any unbeliever—for it is the nature of a reflecting animal, to be influenced by the outward display of the grand and the imposing——; but of what use can it be to a heart and affections to which Christ is a stranger, but to lull the one and give licence to the other even in the midst of unrepented and unatoned-

for sins? It is exactly this feeling of awe which, as anything but the soil of true religion, we have combated, how successfully or not we cannot determine, in a preceding chapter.

It may, however—this *sense of awe* may be felt, and not unprofitably (if we may presume to judge), in the mind, after the seed of the Gospel is sown therein, growing with the fruit of the Gospel, and living in the very life which *it* affords to the new creature. There is, it cannot be denied, a swell of Christian emotion when one, duly impressed with a sense of all his wants, and of the gracious manner in which they are provided for in the Gospel, enters a cathedral church, and hears the distant chant of voices raised melodiously ; and the very fabric may assist in raising the affections to the “Jerusalem which is above.” These feelings may be inspired even in the humblest edifice of Christian worship ; and the roofless walls, which once resounded with the praise of God, may well awaken the remembrance of those great things which have been done for fallen and unregenerate man. But, far different from all this, is the feeling which is associated with military bands and waving banners—with pealing organ and the voice of singing men and singing women, especially when these things strike upon the senses of a soul in heathen darkness. In this instance, the sense of awe dies with the causes

which produced it ; and the bandit even, the ruthless and ambitious soldier, or any of the victims of a morbid sensibility, will probably return, like the dog to his vomit, fresh and unbroken to the sins and follies of the world : but let the work have been begun by the Gospel, and that part of the superstructure, which belongs to the moderation and decorum of our public worship, may, and will, add strength to our purposes, tears to our contrition, and love to our faith.

I ask, if those rites or ceremonies of the Greek Church had been performed upon the stage, would not the feelings of an infidel have been equally moved—would not the *sense of awe* have been equally strong and equally evanescent ? This, then, is that in which it is not Christianity. Flags, a Grecian temple, and gorgeous vestments, the voice of melody and the crash of music, the clang of trumpets and the loud thunders of cannon, do not breathe the spirit of Christianity—they are much too likely to drown its “ still small voice,” and to raise the greatness of the creature to an elevation which obstructs the eye of faith in its pursuit after the unutterable majesty of the Creator. Still, outward “ things, done decently and in order ”—the farthest limit of which may, as was intimated before, be discerned in our cathedral worship—have a tendency, when the soul is capable of bearing such strong food, to raise it, to

exalt its aspirations after true holiness, and to give encouragement to our faith as well as to our practice. They, who deny this—who resolve all religious rites into mere mysticism—may be said to modernize religion, and to treat it as a subject of fashion or improvement. This disposition is manifest in our country ; but it is not the disposition of the English generally. The *Friends* are, perhaps, most, if not alone, conspicuous for it ; for there are many sectarians, who, while they profess to desert all outward forms and appearances, too often display the leaven by which they are actuated, in soon taking up forms and appearances enough, though they embrace, generally, trumpery and contemptible substitutes for those which they abandoned.

Viewing our Establishment as the medium between the extremes of Greek or Latin scenery, and the equally proud display of a mystical denial of all forms and ceremonies, I cannot but admire the wisdom which has brought into existence a pure, and yet impressive Liturgy—prayers in which the understanding, and often the lips, of all, people as well as priest, join in worship ; and forms purely evangelical, consistent with the dignity of the Gospel and the littleness of man. I cannot but admire the Church of England, both in that which she has retained, and in that which she has discarded, from the Roman

Catholic worship, into which our forefathers, gradually gliding from things spiritual to things temporal, had at length subsided; but from which the Reformation—by which a return was made to the primitive purity of the religion delivered, by the disposition of apostolical men, working in the power of God—has happily delivered us. I cannot but admire the goodness of God in all this, and praise His holy name for that this country is now, to the whole world, a light which cannot be hid—a flaming beacon set upon a hill—a sign for the gathering of the nations, to the glory of God and our Saviour—the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN due order and succession came to hand other letters from my brother, who, without deviating far from his own pursuits, was content to write both little and this little more of reference than of authorship. Like most violent adversaries to our institutions, in either Church or State, he had little to say but *Down with them*; as if "Let us have a scramble, and then he who is now without may possibly gain that which will satisfy him for a time"—and it is the greatest evil of all those which seem to harass our Church, that our enemies will not reason. The hammers and axes are their weapons: how vain, then, to oppose to these the dictates of a good conscience, or the results

of calm judgment ! I look around me in the world, and examine into the assignable motives of those who separate and oppose themselves (for there is, now-a-days, but a slight and rare difference between separation and opposition), and what is the consequence ?

Here is a tradesman, one of a numerous family clan who all profess dissent. Well, he is educating his son for the University, with a view to the ministry of the Church, while his own uncle is a pauper dying in the parish poor-house. What can be his motive ? I am silent.

Here, again, is a retired person, content to live upon a slender income, rather than indulge the usual *much-will-have-more* propensity of mankind. He is a Dissenter—why ? I know not : but, in the Chapel of his selection, he is the first man ; whereas, in the Church, he would be a very subordinate member.

A *third*, and many more profess dissent because the vicar is objectionable on the score of tithes ; and, though they insist upon every shilling due to them, imagine (I suppose) that a clergyman may live without an income, and, more readily, because they are not very willing to pay a portion of their rent, which portion it has now become the fashion to decry.

But of all these, and many more, what are the motives ? I think we need not go far to find that they are sordid, alien to the spirit of true religion,

and deducible from their own wills and affections. And yet these are the men who are to pull down our establishment. My correspondent, however, was not one of this senseless portion. He was for sweeping away the whole edifice, because, being either infidel or athiest, he had neither part nor lot in it. I will take it upon myself to declare that he never read, since his school-days, a page of the Bible, or of any book professing a religious tendency; and I leave it to my reader to reflect how many, even of those Houses of Lords and Commons who are now handling the destinies of this great kingdom, are as wilfully blind as he is. Is the *roué*, who yet spends his driblets on drabs and jockies?—Is the demagogue, who owes to his mob-eloquence all the distinction between an M.P. and a blacking-manufacturer?—Is he who ought to have been a barrister without briefs, or a trader without capital, had not political caprice conducted him to senatorial honour?—Are these the men who have to determine the expediency of Church or no Church, and hold the welfare of posterity in their unclean, feeble, and grasping hands? Yes, it is so—and thus we concede at once the highest boast of our antagonists.

Coming, however, down to the level of our gratuitous (which is evidently far higher than the Hibernian) race of politicians, what says this poor mis-

guided (if at all guided) correspondent of mine ?
 “ How was the Reformation effected in this country ?
 Was there not cruelty the most heartless, and design
 the most barefaced, employed in its settlement ?
 Property was confiscated ; the liberty of the person
 was jeopardized ; offices of state, in the army and in
 the navy, at the bar, and in all the courts and depart-
 ments which assumed a constitutional character, these
 were all closed against the Papist and Noncon-
 formist ; such were the means by which the Reforma-
 tion was established in this country, while in France,
 without the strong arm of supreme power on its side,
 the Huguenots, with all their treachery, could not
 bring it about.”

To a tirade, of which this is the only portion worthy
 of an answer, what can be said—what can one, who
 has taken pains to learn the truth, reply ? We may
 conceive a short controversy between A and B—
 A being the Roman Catholic, B the Protestant, as
 follows :

A. Our religion is deduced from Jesus Christ.

B. Yes, but you have deformed it by additions
 and incumbrances ; so that we cannot easily dis-
 cover the *original*, to which we are anxious to return.

A. Our ordinances are parts of discipline, both
 wholesome and in the spirit of Christianity.

B. I must protest against them ; because their

wholesomeness consists in the ignorance of the people, and I deny that they have any foundation either in the letter or in the spirit of the Gospel.

A. Protest at your peril—you know the consequence of heresy—the penalty of division in the Church.

B. I protest, and will not comply with that which is contrary to God's Word.

A. Obedience and submission must be enforced.

B. I resist the authority of your Church.

A. (*Drawing his sword.*) Obey and live—resist and die.

B. (*Drawing also.*) I defend my right of conscience even as you would enforce its subversion. (*They contend awhile, until A, not yielding, retreats, leaving B in possession of his place.*)

Now, taking *only* the language of A, we have, what may be conceived analogous to the pretensions of the Romish Church, as its supporters would now represent them. But, to my brother I replied—"The remarks which you have made upon the means by which the Reformation was carried in this country, and the Protestant efforts seconded in France, are, I perceive, in strict keeping with what you have read in Cobbett; but, alas for truth! that such a man, writing for such a purpose, should take captive your better judgment. Why! he represents the massacre

of St. Bartholomew's as a light affair, and, if I do not mis-remember, as having proceeded more from Protestant treachery, than from the intolerant spirit of Romanism, which drives forward so long as any means—whether of blood or of artifice—remain at its disposal.

“The cause of the Huguenots, indeed, did not keep pace with that of the Protestants; though now, in this day, the light of the Gospel is rising, by its own inherent strength, amid the worse than pagan darkness in which popery has hitherto confined many parts of France. But why was the Reformation-purpose frustrated in that country? or rather, how was the spirit of Christianity extinguished, but by rivers of blood? Cobbett magnifies the Duke of Guise, I think, into something next akin to a saint; but it is a historical fact that scarcely had a treaty, under his sanction, given assurance, in 1562, to the Protestants of all their privileges, when the compact, made on the part of the Papists only to induce security in the others, was violated, and he himself was actually present when a church of the Reformed was entered during divine service by his soldiery, and the congregation butchered. He also visits the Protestants with the guilt of assassinating the Duke of Guise—an accusation which history indignantly rejects, and justly awards the blackness of the crime

to an individual of the name of Poltrot, who appears to have been actuated by nothing worse than unaccountable madness.

“ Your author, moreover, like every Revolutionist (for this character he certainly maintained when he wrote the book in question, though he may have found it convenient, when he became an M.P., to assume a much more moderate, if not a tone of principle), wishes to arrest the old-established, because the true, impulses of English feeling—to ‘ put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.’ In writing to please the Pope, if by chance men of his calibre ever reach, in fame, the imperial city of the Cæsars, he makes Elizabeth a very Erinnys, bent only on the execution of brute and savage designs, and untouched by the emollient hand of literature. We admit her faults—nay, her crimes ; but, that they were the result of circumstances under the control of dire necessity, much rather than the offspring of a bad heart, the following extract may, perhaps, written as it is without any party purpose, be allowed to demonstrate :

“ ‘ In 1548, Roger Ascham was promoted to be tutor to the Princess Elizabeth. He found her a most agreeable pupil, and the diligence, docility, modest affection, and self-respecting deference of the royal maiden, endeared an office which the shy scholar had not undertaken without fears and mis-

givings. ‘I teach her words,’ said he, ‘and she teaches me things. I teach her the tongues to speak, and her modest and maidenly looks teach me works to do; for I think she is the best disposed of any in Europe.’

“ ‘Pliny,’ says the same, ‘expresses many good ways for order in study, but beginneth with translation, and preferreth it to all the rest. But a better and nearer example herein may be our noble Queen Elizabeth, who never yet took Greek nor Latin grammar in her hand, after the first declining of a noun and a verb; but only by this double translating of Demosthenes and Isocrates daily without missing, every forenoon, and likewise some part of Tully every afternoon, for the space of a year or two, hath attained to such perfect understanding in both the tongues, and to such a ready utterance in the Latin, and that with such a judgment, as they be few in number in both Universities, or elsewhere in England, that be in both tongues comparable to her Majesty.’ (*The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire*, by HARTLEY COLERIDGE.)

“No: the character which he has given to a princess, under whose dominion England flourished in every good thing, which a deliverance from error and superstition may be supposed to have brought forth, would better apply to her cotemporary *Catherine de*

Medicis, the queen-mother of France ; though no words can depict this sanguinary, treacherous, and fiendish woman, who then swayed, in a pristine reign of terror, the court of Charles IX. Oh, Gaul ! what blood, what innocent blood, has not stained thy smiling provinces ! This hapless woman, fired with a determined and cold-blooded zeal to extirpate the Protestant cause, was the patroness of that base and abominable snare by which all the nobles and leaders of the Huguenots were lured to Paris, by the glittering bait of royal favour, only to be butchered on the day of Bartholomew, 1572. Yes, on the 24th of August, the tolling of a bell from the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, at two in the morning, when sleep had confirmed the security of the better portion of mankind—yes, the still warm night was frightened from her couch by the same note, which *had been* used to call the children of men to the acknowledgment of their God—for it now spoke of *murder*—cold, extirpating *murder*. It was the signal for the general massacre of all the chief Protestants in France, congregated as they were in Paris under the assurance of having all their wrongs redressed for ever, and was soon responded to by every steeple in the city ; bringing the bewildered inhabitants, Papists and Reformers, half-naked from their beds into the public streets. The famous Duke of Sully, a man of the

most unimpeachable authority, and who was afterwards prime minister to Henry IV., shall tell, as far as he witnessed them, the horrors of this night.

“ ‘I had gone to bed,’ says he (*Memoires*, vol. i.), ‘very early in the night, and was awaked, about three in the morning by the noise of all the bells and the confused cry of the populace. St. Julian, my governor, went out hastily with my valet de chambre, to learn the cause; and I have never since heard any thing of these two men, who were doubtless sacrificed among the first to the public fury. I remained alone, dressing myself in my chamber, when, a few minutes after, I saw my landlord enter, pale and in consternation. He was of the reformed religion, but on having heard what was the matter, he had decided on going to mass to save his life and preserve his house from plunder. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think to follow him. I resolved on attempting to get to the college of Burgundy, where I studied. Notwithstanding the distance of the house where I lived from the college, which made the attempt very dangerous, I put on my scholar’s gown, and taking a pair of large prayer-books under my arm, went down stairs. I was seized with horror as I went into the street, at seeing the furious men running in every direction, breaking open the houses, and calling out ‘kill—massacre the Hu-

guenots !' And the blood which I saw shed before my eyes redoubled my fright. I fell in with a body of soldiers, who stopped and questioned me. They began to ill-treat me, when the books which I carried were discovered, happily for me, and they served me for a pass-port. Twice afterwards I fell into the same danger, when I was delivered with the same good fortune. At length I arrived at the college of Burgundy, but a still greater danger awaited me there. The porter having twice refused me admittance, I remained in the street at the mercy of the ruffians, whose numbers kept increasing, and who eagerly sought for their prey, when I thought of asking for the principal of the college, La Faye, a worthy man, and who tenderly loved me. The porter, gained by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, did not refuse to bring him. This good man took me to his chamber, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard talk of the Sicilian vespers, tried to snatch me from his hands to tear me in pieces, saying that the order was to kill even infants at the breast.'

"Such were the means by which Protestantism was sought to be put down in France, where the murderers wore a *white cross* in their hats to *shew their religion*; and the cry of the massacre was, '*In the name of God, kill!*' Such was the developement of a plot,

which had not ceased to lacerate the heart of human nature before the life-blood of tens of thousands had been offered to the spirit of Popery. *Perefixe* was Archbishop of Paris, and De Thou a Roman Catholic ; and the latter (liv. 52 and 53), who lived at the time, states that, enumerating the deaths, throughout all France, which this persecution inflicted, the victims amounted to 70,000 or even 100,000 ; while the Archbishop (p. 30), gives the same account. Sully states it at not less than 70,000. In Paris alone 6,000 were killed. Such was the horrible achievement which caused rejoicings in the palace of the Pope ; which sent him, with all the pomp of his court, to perform high mass in St. Peter's, ordering a *Te Deum* to be sung and the cannon to be fired, to celebrate the ' glorious event ;' which induced the *Holy See* to cause a medal to be struck, with the head of Gregory XIII. on one side, and on the other the exterminating angel destroying the Protestants, with the inscription, '*Huguenotorum Strages, 1572 ;*' and which compelled weeping England, with Elizabeth at her head, to receive the French ambassador *in deep mourning !*

“ The order of the king in council (instigated as he was, especially, by the villanous manœuvres of his mother Catherine) to the authorities of Paris, was—to ‘ arm the companies, put torches in their windows

the moment they heard the signal (the ringing of the palace-bell, used only on public rejoicings), draw chains across the entrances of the streets, post detachments wherever the Huguenots were likely to be found, wear a white cross on their hats, a strip of white linen on their left arms, and kill without mercy !' (See the writings of Maimbourg, Mezeray, De Thou, and others.) And all this—oh France ! oh Rome !—a daughter and a mother bathed in the blood of virtue !—in the security of confidence, in the dead of night, in the hope of prosperity, in the prospect of peace, under the assurances of favour, amid the delirium of royal banquetings !

“ And were not these things enough to enforce the enactment of rigorous measures in England, in order to keep at bay the blood-hounds of the continent ? Was a reformation, adopted legally, to be endangered and exposed to the malice of those who were foiled in it, by a foolish confidence in the generosity of such a power, and such minions, as this, and these ? Let England look to it now. It is folly of the most besotted kind, to talk of the enlightened state of the present age. Rank folly ! Men have always been in the height of refinement when they have plunged their hands into the most frightful pools of depravity ; and the *liberalism*, or the *lukewarmness* of 1836, has no song wherewith to charm to inactivity that old

serpent, the devil, who reigns in this world. We must not mistake apathy and unconcern for pious resignation. This life is not the scene of rewards and punishments ; and, therefore, evil must triumph over good, darkness over light, if these be not exerted and made to shine before men.

“ These things, as we find, were by no means confined to Paris ; though the furnace, at which the hellish engines of persecution were forged, was in this accursed capital. ‘ Sire,’ replied Montmerin, the governor of Auvergne to the king, ‘ I have received an order, under your majesty’s seal, to put to death all the Protestants in the province. I respect your majesty too much to suppose that these letters are not forgeries ; and if, which God forbid, the order has really come from your majesty I respect you too much to obey it.’ The Viscount d’Orthey, governor of Bayonne, returned an answer which, for its poignancy, has long been proverbial. ‘ Sire, I have communicated your majesty’s commands to the faithful inhabitants and the garrison. I have found among them good citizens and brave soldiers, but *not one executioner.*’ When the commander of the troops in the district of Lisieux, brought the order for the massacre to the bishop, Jacques Hemmyer, that honest-hearted man, with a singular superiority to his age, declared, that it was impossible to be complied with ; ‘ that he

did not see in the Gospel that the shepherd ought to suffer the blood of his flock to be shed ; that the Protestants, though wanderers, were still his flock, and not beyond the hope of being brought back ; and that his only answer was, that the order should never be executed as long as he lived.' I am indebted for these instances of deviation from the general course, as well as for much other information, to *Blackwood's* for January, 1836.

“Nor were they confined to France. The spirit of persecution raged against the efforts of Protestantism, even in the mountain-valleys of the simple Swiss—the Vaudois in the next century felt the keen edge of the sword, and purity almost apostolical was doomed to behold approaching the grim and gory instruments of Popedom. There is no exaggeration in language, when a certain writer says, that if hell had been emptied of its inhabitants, and all let loose among the valleys of Piedmont, greater enormities could neither have been expected nor committed. Alas ! alas ! the heart almost refuses to believe that any creature—any thing which came from the hands of the Creator—could perpetrate the atrocious crimes which have marked the reign of the Roman pontiffs ; and it could not be so, were not the fell opposer—the enemy of both God and man—Apollyon—paramount in the heart depraved and corrupted by the first transgres-

sion, and untouched by a knowledge of it. No, it was not enough, that Paris and other French towns should flow with blood—that night should have brooded over such an extraordinary *incubus* upon the human character, and that morning should have dawned to let men see their friends and kinsmen—their brethren—slaughtered in the streets, being cast out of windows, or hanging bleeding from the casements. The cry of ‘*kill, kill the heretics!*’ was re-echoed from Alp to Alp, and Milton, roused from the peaceful grotto of the muses, cried,

‘Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones

Are scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!

Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not! In thy book record their groans,

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold

Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll’d

Mother with infant down the rocks! Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they

To heav’n. Their martyr’d blood and ashes sow
O’er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway

The tripled tyrant; that from these may grow

A hundred fold, who having learnt the way,

Early may fly the Babylonian woe.’

With this let me conclude, and, with the sincerest affection, believe me,

“ Ever yours,

“ * — * * — * . ”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

That which I have, all this while, been endeavouring to convince men of, and to persuade them to, is no other but what God himself doth particularly recommend to us, as proper for human consideration.

TILLOTSON.

MEANWHILE, I continued to receive from my friend B——, those comforts and assurances of which the cause of truth and sincerity stands so much in need. “Think not,” says he, in one of his letters, “that our Church is in danger because of the malice and fury of our *foes*. Our charter, if truth has ever yet appeared in the earth, is of Him who cannot be defeated, though opposition should tower up, like Babel, to the skies. Other nations lay claim to, and boast the possession of, religious institutions of greater antiquity than the Gospel; and myriads are enrolled in the ranks of Paganism and Mohammedan-

ism, in an obedience to the laws and doctrines of Confucius, and in the various sections into which mankind, as subjects of superstition, are divided ; but what are these systems but blindness to the people, profit to the priests ? Is there any record of the past so well attested as that which has handed down the miracles of the New Testament ? Is any other religion, like ours, open to inquiry, courting examination, and demanding to be *searched* ? No—all that is consistent with heavenly wisdom, all that is sound, all that is ‘ pure, honest, lovely, and of good report,’ all which distinguishes between truth and error—between reality and delusion—all these are in favour of Christianity, and proclaim aloud that the Church of England must and will stand, because it is a true pillar of Christianity, *in defiance of its foes*. But, if the Church be in danger, *it is from within*—it is the lukewarmness—the hypocrisy—the inconsistency of its professing members, from which the danger is to be apprehended. Was the temple—was Jerusalem reduced to an heap of ashes, because the Babylonian or the Roman armies were strong and mighty ? Because heathens and idolaters fought against her, did she fall ? No—her own sins separated between her and the source of all power ; and, because the sustaining hand of God was withdrawn, she fell.

“ So, then, I say, the Church is not in danger ;

but and if she be in danger, it is from within, and not from without; and God alone can determine. If *God be on our side, who then can be against us?* Many, indeed, may be against us, but their opposition is unavailing."

My friend's meaning, which is grand and encouraging, may derive some elucidation from an old play upon words of the greatest solemnity; which (for I am willing to make use of any thing to further the cause of truth) I will here introduce.

Pilate said unto our Saviour, "*What is Truth?*" The Latin for this is "*Quid est Veritas?*" and the letters which compose this are interchangeable to a declaration in Latin which may well be conceived as an answer even appropriate to our Lord—" *Est vir qui adest*"—*It is the man who stands before thee.* This, one of the happiest inventions of the kind, brings us to the remembrance of our great and everlasting privilege of having Christ, so long as we cultivate the *true* religion, for the very essence of our Church—for her bridegroom, who will love and cherish her so long as the sun and moon endure, and after that receive her unto glory.

"Let not," proceeds my friend, "any one of the many disheartening features of the present aspect of the world, terrify or alarm us from our determined adherence to the Church, as the precious ark of the

covenanted truth of God and Christ. Following the advice of the Apostle, let us call to mind the suffering patience of them of old—Noah, Abraham, Lot, Jeremiah—who stood, *alone*, amidst an unrighteous and deluded world, and fell not. In them, singly, the Church of God was upheld; and shall we fear what men can do unto us, when we behold with what weapons they assail our ancient bulwarks—when we see them advance with the straws of insubordination, contempt of dignities, a desire to uproot the established order, a thirst for revolution?”

B—— was a man who viewed things with that masculine vision which belongs to few minds, and is the result of much and patient study upon the foundation of “an honest and good heart.” Without any great professions, he seemed determined not to commit himself into the general practice of making common cause with some one of the existing parties of the day; but, respectful to all and obedient to none, his keen eye seemed to seek for truth without reference to the pursuits of others. It is a character this which cannot be expected to be common, but its excellence is unquestionable; and, at no time, perhaps, has it been, in so much need of advancement as at present. *What is he?* is now the great political question; and the answer, *Tory, Conservative, Whig, Liberal, Radical, Reformer*, or any of the jargon of

the day, is fraught with an interest—carries with it an influence, which is either light as air, or ponderous as a mountain. But, no one thinks of replying *He is an honest man*; because (is it so?) honesty is lost sight of in the world, and the *spirit of the age* is that which inflates *the noblest work of God*. However few, nevertheless, these characters may be, the enemies of truth do it the justice to place them on its side. No man, who silently pursues the tenour of his way, doing that which is right and abstaining from the jangling of political warfare, can well escape being set down for a *Conservative* at least, if not a *Tory*; and we thank them for it. They have constrained the grand maxim—*He who is not with us is against us*, to subserve their idle purposes, and we cannot but feel flattered by the use to which they have applied it. The clergy should, of all men, be studious of this distinction. Let them despise the vulgar opinion which sets them down for a section of a political class; and may they endeavour to earn a distinction which shall make them, in the eyes of all good men, as respectable as the sneering verdict of their revilers would in reality make them. Let them be *Conservatives*—fearing God, loving the brotherhood, honouring the king—and, if it be a crime to have the support and sanction of Government, in re-

turn for the good offices which they will thus render to the state, let those who lay it to our charge ask themselves what better, or what nobler tribute do they render to the constitution under which they were born and live.

I shall eke out this chapter with a portion of my last letter to my brother.

“ I should not again revert to the Pope, or his kingdom of this world, but that I have a desire to take notice of a prophecy (if I may so call it) in the book of Revelation, to which very likely your attention has never been directed, but which is nevertheless, from the wonderful character, precision, and singularity of it, worthy of every man’s consideration — ‘ *Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast : for it is the number of a man ; and his number is six hundred threescore and six.* ’ — (Rev. xiii. last verse).

“ There is, in this scripture, that which is so totally new to our ideas in their ordinary course, and so perfectly different from all our common-place notions of either things spiritual or things temporal, that it is evidently one of those declarations which seem expressly calculated to attract and occupy the attention of the wise men of this world : and, therefore, I have no hesitation in confessing myself indebted to the

results of other men's labours for all which I can offer upon the subject, though it may be interspersed with a few sprinklings of my own ideas.

“ In the first place, one of these ideas will, no doubt, be familiar to all who are acquainted with the method, adopted by tradesmen and shopkeepers, of putting down a *price* by means of (what are called) *letters*, instead of (what are called) *figures*. Any *word*, in any language or not, which contains *nine* different letters, is perfectly applicable to the system—for instance, *Cambridge* or *Tunbridge*; in which the letters, from first to last, may be adopted to imply respectively 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

“ Now, if this system were extended, so as to have *literal indices* for *tens* and *hundreds*, we should have an exact counterpart of the Greek method of numeration, according to the system generally received; which, you know, was this:—

α - 1	η - 8	ν - 50	τ - 300
β - 2	θ - 9	ξ - 60	υ - 400
γ - 3	ι - 10	$\omicron$ - 70	ϕ - 500
δ - 4	κ - 20	π - 80	χ - 600
ϵ - 5	λ - 30	ρ - 100	ψ - 700
ζ - 7	μ - 40	σ - 200	ω - 800*

* They supplied the deficiency of letters for 6, 90 and 900, by invented characters; and then, the same system supplied *thousands*, by having the mark (') placed under, instead of above, each character, as before.

“ Under the existence of this system, nothing could be more natural than that the ancients should fall into a practice of representing *names* by numbers ; and we have examples in abundance in the writings of heathens, Jews, and Christians. Nay, the device was carried so far that *epigrams* were written in equinumeral distichs, of which the following will give ample proof. It is from Leonidas of Alexandria, who lived in the time of Nero.

Εἰς πρὸς ἓνα ψηφοισιν ἰσαζεται, οὐ δυο δοιοις,
Οὐ γὰρ ἐτι στερῶ τὴν δολιχογραφίην.

“ ‘ One line is made equal in number to one, not two to two ; for I no longer approve of long epigrams.’ (He had formerly written them in four lines, the number of one couplet being equal to the number of the other.)

“ Now, suppose that we had not an order of *figures* whereby to express numbers, the *letters* of our alphabet would be much more convenient than those of the Greek ; for, including *j*, and *v*, we have a letter for each requisite number up to 800 ; thus—

<i>a</i> - 1	<i>h</i> - 8	<i>o</i> - 60	<i>v</i> - 400
<i>b</i> - 2	<i>i</i> - 9	<i>p</i> - 70	<i>w</i> - 500
<i>c</i> - 3	<i>j</i> - 10	<i>q</i> - 80	<i>x</i> - 600
<i>d</i> - 4	<i>k</i> - 20	<i>r</i> - 90	<i>y</i> - 700
<i>e</i> - 5	<i>l</i> - 30	<i>s</i> - 100	<i>z</i> - 800
<i>f</i> - 6	<i>m</i> - 40	<i>t</i> - 200	
<i>g</i> - 7	<i>n</i> - 50	<i>u</i> - 300	

and we might easily invent characters for 900 ; and 1000, &c. would follow as in Greek.

“ According to this simple method, let us estimate the number of the name *William*, and we find it to be—

$$W(500) + i(9) + l(30) + l(30) + i(9) + a(1) + m(40) = William = 619.$$

“ This explanation will lead us clearly up to our subject ; and, according to the foregoing method of the Greek alphabet, what *beast*—*i. e.* what *kingdom* or *empire*—can be found in the whole world of which the number is 666, except *one* and *one only* ; which is THE LATIN KINGDOM—‘H Λατινη Βασιλεια ?

THE — ‘H—

$$‘H = 8 ;$$

LATIN — Λατινη—

$$(\Lambda) 30 + (a) 1 + (\tau) 300 + (\iota) 10 + (\nu) 50 + (\eta) 8 = 399 ;$$

KINGDOM—Βασιλεια—

$$(B) 2 + (a) 1 + (\sigma) 200 + (\iota) 10 + (\lambda) 30 + (\epsilon) 5 + (\iota) 10 + (a) 1 = 259 ;$$

$$\text{Hence, } 8 + 399 + 259 = 666.$$

“ From what has been advanced, who can question the truth of the following positions—That it was a practice in the apostolic age, and subsequently, to

count numbers in *words* and *sentences*;—That what is intended by six hundred threescore and six is, that the Greek name of the kingdom, thus expressed by “*the beast*,” (for it was in the Greek language that Jesus Christ communicated his Revelation to St. John) contains this number.

“No other kingdom on earth can be found to contain 666. ‘*Here*’ there ‘*is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast:*’ (But there is added) ‘*for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred threescore and six.*’ ‘Consequently, the numbered beast must be *a man*, that is, it must be represented elsewhere in the Revelation under this emblem, for in no other sense can *an empire* be denominated *a man*. Therefore it is not the ten-horned beast, for this is uniformly styled *The Beast* in every part of the Apocalypse where there has been occasion to mention this power. It can, therefore, be no other than the two-horned beast, or Romish hierarchy; which, on account of its *preaching* to the world its most anti-christian system of doctrines, and calling it Christianity, is likewise named in chap. xvi. 13.; xix. 20.; and xx. 10., *THE FALSE PROPHET*.—JOHN EDWARD CLARKE.” (*Dr. Adam Clarke’s Com.*)

“For my own part, I can conceive nothing clearer

than this interpretation of the passage before us ; and whoever knows any thing of the successive changes which have taken place in the dynasty of Rome cannot be at a loss, with the help of almost any commentary, to understand the leading features of this most wonderful book. *The Latin kingdom* is applicable, in the strictest sense, to *the papal spiritual dominion*. In it alone is the Latin language preserved. It has been styled the *Latin Church* for ages, in contradiction to the *Greek Church* ; and it is properly a *kingdom*, because the Pope challenges *regal* power of the highest order, in addition to his spiritual claims.

“ Surely, what has been said will induce you to read the fate of *the image of the beast*, as well as of *the beast* ; and I cannot help being assured that, with a candid and unbiassed mind, you will acknowledge that, in this prophetic Revelation, the wisdom of God shines out with a convincing splendour. Oh ! that I might be permitted to lead you to a study of those Holy Scriptures which *were written for our learning*—that you might find, at last, how foolish and absurd is the conduct of men who argue against a book without any knowledge of it, and call in question the truth of Him of whom they desire to know no more than what the feeble light of reason reveals to them. Read the *seventh* chapter of the Prophet Daniel. Therein

behold the clear prefiguration of all that was again, and more at large, communicated to St. John. ‘After this,’ (says the prophet, having had the Babylonian empire, the empire of the Medes and Persians, and the Macedonian empire figured to him, in a vision, under the forms of different *beasts*) ‘I saw in the night-visions, and behold, a *fourth* beast; dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth; it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it, and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it, and it had ten horns’—(ver. 7.) Who can doubt but this was the empire which succeeded the Grecian, viz., the ROMAN—how bold the figures, but how exactly descriptive!

“But, *it had ten horns.* *Horns of an animal,* in the language of prophecy, represent the powers of which that empire or kingdom, symbolized by the animal, is composed; and Daniel had the vision so far explained as in the following words: ‘The fourth beast shall be the fourth kingdom upon earth, which shall be diverse from all kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down, and break it in pieces. And THE TEN HORNS out of this kingdom are ten kings that SHALL arise’—(ver. 23, 24). We all know how extensive was the Roman empire, and how many powers it swallowed up in its own; but there are dif-

ferent opinions concerning these *ten* kings, or kingdoms; or rather, which they were that formed this division of the Roman empire. Generally they are thought to be these—

- I. The Roman Senate.
- II. The Greeks in Ravenna.
- III. The Lombards in Lombardy.
- IV. The Huns in Hungary.
- V. The Alemans in Germany.
- VI. The Franks in France.
- VII. The Burgundians in Burgundy.
- VIII. The Saracens in Africa, and a part of Spain.
- IX. The Goths, in other parts of Spain.
- X. The Saxons, in Britain.

“ Let us return now to the former quotation from the prophet, and we read in the following verse (8.), ‘ I considered the horns, and behold, there came up among them *another little horn*, before whom there were *three of the first horns plucked up by the roots*: and, behold, in this horn were *eyes like the eyes of man, and a mouth speaking great things*.’ Here is a description of the Popedom—at first *a little horn*. The three horns plucked up before it denote its acquisition of *three* of the above mentioned powers, and these were probably—

- I. The exarchate of Ravenna.
- II. The kingdom of the Lombards.
- III. The state of Rome.

“ The *first* was given to the Pope, Stephen II., by Pepin, king of France, A. D. 755 ; and this constituted the popes temporal princes.

“ The *second* was given to St. Peter, by Charlemagne, in 774.

“ The *third* was vested in the Pope, both in spirituals and temporals, and confirmed to him by *Lewis the Pious*.

“ Its eyes, like the eyes of a man, intimate cunning, wisdom and superintendence ; for the Pope calls himself *Episcopus Episcoporum*—*Bishop of Bishops*—*Overseer of Overseers* ; while a mouth speaking great things cannot be misunderstood ; for what power on earth ever arrogated so much as the Papal hierarchy ? Assuming to itself unlimited jurisdiction, wisdom, reverence, and dominion, is it not that power which the angel speaks of in the explanation given to Daniel ? We must now turn to, and complete the 24th verse.—‘ And another shall rise after them’ (the *ten powers*) ; ‘ and he shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three kings.’ (This has been explained.) ‘ And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the

saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws.'

“ ‘To none,’ (says Dr. A. Clarke) ‘can this apply so well or so fully as to the popes of Rome. They have assumed *infallibility*, which belongs only to God. They profess to forgive sins, which belongs only to God. They profess to open and shut heaven, which belongs only to God. They profess to be higher than all the kings of the earth, which belongs only to God. And they go *beyond* God in pretending to loose whole nations from their oath of allegiance to their kings, when such kings do not please them! And they go *against* God, when they give *indulgences for sin*. This is the *worst* of all blasphemies! By wars, crusades, massacres, inquisitions, and persecutions of all kinds, what in this way have they not done against all those who have *protested* against their *innovations*, and refused to submit to their *idolatrous worship*? Witness the exterminating crusades published against the *Waldenses* and *Albigenses*. Witness *John Huss*, and *Jerome of Prague*. Witness the *Smithfield fires* in England! Witness *God* and man against this bloody, persecuting, ruthless and impure Church!’ And as to the Pope’s *thinking to change times and laws*, even *Dodd* shall rise and speak—‘Appointing fasts and feasts; canonizing persons whom he chooses to call *saints*;

granting pardons and indulgences for sins; instituting new modes of worship utterly unknown to the Christian Church, new articles of faith, new rules of practice; and reversing, at pleasure, the laws both of God and man.⁷⁴ If this be not the character of the Papal power, nothing else can answer the description, and the Word of God is, therefore, nugatory, a conclusion to which, I believe, you are not prepared to accede."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

How few would make an *outward* profession of religion, were there no *gain* connected with it ! And yet, as one justly observes, religion is rendered *gainful* only by some *external* part of it. For this very reason, the *external* part of religion is alway *on the increase*, and none can find fault with it without raising storms and tempests ; while the *internal* part wastes and decays, no man laying it to heart. Demetrius and his fellows would have made no stir for their *worship*, had not the apostles' preaching tended to discredit that *by which they got their wealth*. Most of the outcries that have been made against all revivals of religion—revivals by which the Church has been called back to its primitive principles and purity, have arisen out of *self-interest*. The cry of, *the Church is in danger*, has been echoed only by those who found their *secular* interest at stake ; and knew that *reformation* must unmask them, and show that the slothful and wicked servants could no longer be permitted to live on the revenues of that Church, which they disgraced by their lives, and corrupted by their false doctrines. He that eats the Church's bread should do the Church's work : and he that will not *work* should not be permitted to *eat*.

DR. A. CLARK'S COM. Acts xix.

THE writer of these pages is now bringing his labours—if he may call the occupations of many hours, not wholly destitute of care and pains, by a name so important—to an end. Much may have been written that will instruct, something to amuse, and, perhaps, not a little to offend, some one or other of his readers; but all—yes, he can safely say, all—has been, if not at first penned, yet revised, with a view to the advantage of his fellow-creatures. In calling to mind the course of a few years, the events of which have been necessarily monotonous—except when occasional flashes have rendered the beaten track of a curate's pilgrimage more lightsome, or interruptions of a graver kind have thrown around him a gloom deeper, than the happy consistency which is, peculiarly, the proper lot of his profession—thoughts have been recollected from the days that are gone; correspondence has been raked together, and in this no inconsiderable portion of such a life must consist; controversies have been, perhaps more than lightly, reverted to; sentiments, though still crude, have been awakened from the torpor of indifference; emotions, which had long seemed buried in the deep sleep of forgetfulness, and which, but for this effort, might never have been revived, are again called to their former posts. But the endeavour has been, throughout, so to advance truth that integrity of feeling

might remain unimpaired, so to exhibit feeling that no "root of bitterness" might send up shoots of a rampant and unsightly growth, and to clothe the whole in a raiment of such simplicity and honesty of purpose that the reigning object of his work—the glory of God—might still maintain its ascendancy, even where it became his duty to be severe without uncharitableness, or his design to be trifling without levity.

Nothing, however, which might arrogate the character of a treatise on the peculiarities of that class to which he belongs, has yet been offered; and it is therefore my purpose, in this chapter, to say something of the distinguishing circumstances, in many of their varieties, of a body of men known by the general name of *curates*. The misapplication of this name has been already asserted.

The curate is generally, as he is proverbially, a poor man. He springs from every class of society, from the middle downwards; or the departures from this, as an universal rule, are in the case of aristocratic poverty or great reverse of fortune. All clergymen, indeed, have been curates, if for a day only, it being according to the regulations of the Church, that every one must first be a deacon, that no one can be ordained both deacon and priest in one day, and that a deacon cannot hold an ecclesias-

tical living ; but the reader will perceive, at once, that what is meant by a curate is a man who embraces the ministry with, either conjointly or under only one of these motives, a design of promoting the service of God, and of gaining a livelihood in the discharge of the sacred ministry. As such, his prospect of preferment, if the curate entertain (and I think there are few who do not entertain) any, must be very slender—at most, by no means such as either to influence his conduct or to occupy his attention to a degree injurious to the usefulness of his vocation. Here, again, a wide exception must be made ; for, as every one will say, very few clergymen die, at an advanced age, in the situation of mere curates. There are many benefices, the income of which is just sufficient to provide for the comfortable maintenance of a family, but not so large as to present the desideratum to a man of fortune. To one of these, then, the curate, under various circumstances of merit or other pretension, may, not without reason and justification, look forward. There are, also, very many which, though below this standard, give to the incumbent the opportunity of bettering, because he may be said to be independent of the will of any other, and at liberty, by all means praiseworthy and compatible with his calling, to better, his income.

It is clear, then, as it is hoped, what is meant by the class of curates. They cannot, perhaps, be called *the* working clergy, but they either are or ought to be working clergymen—men who earn the bread which perisheth, and have (as it cannot be too often remembered with an eye to that strict account hereafter to be given) committed to them talents, whereby the spiritual support and life may be derived to those committed to their cure and themselves, which are not so largely—I say it with humility—distributed to the men of fortune, of this world, or of claims apart from the sacred function to respectability and esteem. They have no grandeur in their establishments unseemly to the eyes of the poorer classes; no connections to draw them, imperceptibly but, alas! too fatally, into the snares and allurements of the great. Having a position in society above their means, they are not subject to the slight or contempt of the one, or to the envy of the other, except in cases of extreme arrogance or ignorance: and, it may be safely affirmed, that with themselves rests the option of being respected and respectable in the eyes of that portion of the community, whether high or low, whose praise is not at enmity with “the praise of God.”

The condition of the curate, however, is not free from great trial and hardship. Not generally ade-

quately remunerated he must, if a married man, often fall into difficulties from which no foresight could have preserved him; and such difficulties bring with them, too often, an exposure to both feelings and observations on the part of the laity by no means cheering to himself or beneficial to his ministry. The ignorant will scoff, the unreasonable will censure, the inconsiderate will condemn, according to the event, paying little or no regard to the causes which have induced it.

But all clergymen, as well as curates, are liable to this. But the curate, alone, is subject to it in a degree which almost comprehends a certainty. His office requires, and his interest, spiritual as well as private, demands the continual outlay of all his income: and while he can thus go on, he may conceive himself a most happy man. But, there will come seasons of illness or calamity—and a calamity, so slight as not to gain the notice of the more fortunate looker-on, will often cramp his resources for a very long time;—the storm, which sweeps from its foundation the humble tenement of the poor, will but slightly graze the battlements of wealth, or but shatter some stately ornament in the domain of a rich man.* And, as these seasons are expensive, the suc-

* I remember suffering great inconvenience from the exaction of a pound or two, when the hundred, in which I had taken a

ceeding days become charged with difficulty, sometimes insurmountable, always trying and afflictive. He has the feelings of a gentleman, and he can neither beg nor dig, if even any prospect of success (and, it must be confessed, there would be to the former means great assurance of success) allure him to the attempt. But, his peculiar situation may be illustrated by the narrative of what took place, not many months ago, in my own parish.

It is one of the greatest blessings, under heaven, of the people to whom I belong, that the neighbouring mansion is the residence of a man who owns not only great possessions in the town and country round about, but also a heart which is, at least, commensurately alive to the wants and necessities of others. This gentleman was applied to for assistance by a dissenting-minister at a juncture when great pecuniary embarrassment threatened disgrace and ruin to his small affairs. A loan was sought; but the generous churchman, with a liberality which bespoke the true spirit of Christianity, and in a note which breathed the sentiments of an Apostle, *gave* the sum

house long subsequently to the outrage, was visited with the indemnification of property which had been wantonly destroyed by a mob. I wrote an appeal to the suffering (?) Duke; but, so far from redress, my application was treated with the contempt of silence. This is not bitterness—it is a poor man's justice.

(not a small one), and thus afforded not only a proof of the reality of his membership in the Church of England, but also a lively specimen, of that sort, of the support which sectarians derive from the establishment against which so many of them rail.

Now, a curate—for, despite of what Mr. Cobbett and his fraternity say of our inferiority to the ministers of Dissent, we have a *caste* which does not include them—could not well do this. If he did, he would very likely succeed; but, what would be the consequence? Every man, who knows any thing of the matter, must know that he would lose by it in the general estimation. That sort of pity which is next akin to contempt would be the best feeling generally engendered by such a step; and he would himself commit a breach in those rules of society by which the indigent are deterred, and to be deterred, from such inroads upon the benevolence of their neighbours. Were it not for a rule of this sort, the inconvenience (to say the least) of possessing wealth, or even more than competency, would be incalculable: nor is that a criminal pride which bids men struggle on, in dependence on the Almighty will, rather than incur the danger of being accounted troublesome, forward, or encroaching.

It is no argument against all this that a legal provision, according to the emolument of the benefice, is

provided for us. Half a loaf is better than no bread ; and there are too many ways of thus unfairly dividing it to allow the law any thing like a full operation. If the incumbent reside on his benefice, though all the work be transferred to the curate, the latter then (to suit the case) becomes the assistant-curate, and properly stipendiary. This is one way, and there are many others. And, though the law permits, even in disregard of all private agreement, an appeal to its *letter* ; the gentlemanly feeling (and all true friends to the Church will desire to see it cherished) which results from a liberal education places a decided veto upon what would certainly be a breach of honour and a glaring meanness.

Well, then, thus circumstanced, what is the catalogue of consequences ? Injury is sustained by the church and by the curates, both mutually and separately. This embraces three heads :—

1st, The mutual injury of the Church and Curates.

2d, The separate injury of the Church.

3d, The separate injury of the Curates.

With regard to the *first*, who sees not the door wide open to admit a host of temptations which, when triumphant, produce this effect—*the Church neglected and the Curate despised*. We know that no man is warranted in the self-complacent reflection that he does, even already, more than he is paid for,

and that, therefore, the *onus negligendi* is at the door of the incumbent, resident or not; and we know that far higher and glorious motives should drag him on to a "labour of love." But, we are men of like passions with others; and, moreover, we cannot work impossibilities. If I have a family of young children, and my income will not allow me to keep servants for the purpose, I must do something towards taking care of my children, or abandon them to dangerous or vicious pursuits, or leave the whole burden upon the partner of my lot. I must also do many things which it is, in the world's eye, beneath the dignity of a clergyman to do. Yes, reader—do not smile—I must feed my pig, dig in my garden, brush my own clothes—nay, sometimes, my own shoes. I must write these pages, with a view to pecuniary succours—in short, the *sordidum lucrum* must often be the stimulus when (my conscience tells me) my affections should be far otherwise employed. Now this results from inadequate remuneration and (in my case) from the ill-grounded idea that the collateral employment of a Tutor is incompatible with my office of Curate. And, herein, there is manifestly a mutual disadvantage to the Church and its poor assistant-pastor.

But the same consequences to the church and mutually to himself, might consist with the case of a *single* man, to whom my income would be a fortune;

for in plain terms, my annual emoluments may be stated at one hundred and fifty pounds. He would be continually under the influence—or, rather, he might be subject to the temptation of apportioning his work to his reward, and, in the words of Adam Clarke, leaving “those to do the Church’s work, who eat the Church’s bread”—not, I must say, with any justice, for this income is enough for any single man; but he would, or might, argue by that most fallacious of all rules—comparison.

Secondly, The separate injury of the Church is palpable in the neglect of the pastoral offices and in the tone of indifference or lukewarmness which characterizes them when done. In this world, every able man is expected to do something as a title to his bread; and the Christian minister, no less than any other man, may reasonably expect to live by the exercise of his professional talents. The sense of *quid pro quo* cannot be banished from the human mind so long as we remain in this probationary state; nor should it; and thus it is that not living by them, which is in such cases as mine, and appears to be in others, curates have a strong temptation to curtail their exertions—where the sick would be visited, they are not—where the poor would be encouraged, they perish for want. Did I say *perish*? That is a strong term; but may it not, in many instances, be vindi-

cated? The incumbent says "*I have a curate*"—the curate says "*I do not live by this;*" and thus, between the two, the great work falls to the ground, and the Church loses the benefit of an efficient ministry, in every case where such circumstances are in operation.

In a temporal light, too, (if I may use this distinction) the Church is injured. The dissenting-minister—nay, the Infidel or the Deist—gladly creeps in at that same loop-hole by which the shepherd has crept out; and thus the flock is mangled and torn, the beautiful unity of brethren is rent in factious sects, and the prosperity of the Church is rendered fearfully questionable even in the sight of her friends. For, when men live by their preaching, in such a dependent manner as the sectarian-minister; or when the spirit of antichrist is fed by that food which is sweet to the taste of infidelity; it is not difficult to perceive that the letting of another sitting in the former case, or the encouragement to be derived from another accomplice in the latter, is a powerful incentive to the activity of proselytism. This reminds me of what I once heard of a clergyman who was confined to his house, except on Sunday, through fear of arrest. He was a conscientious man, and had fallen into debt by a superabundant exercise of generosity on behalf of his relations; and it is not surprising, therefore, that, as he said,

whenever he heard the passing-bell, his heart smote him—some benighted soul had perhaps appeared in the presence of its God, having quitted this sublunary world without the consoling assurance of His plenteous mercy and loving kindness. Not that, as we confidently believe, such a total surrender of the pastoral function is justly chargeable upon any of the class of which we are treating.

Thirdly, The separate injury of the curates themselves is discoverable in that melancholy and dejection which prey upon the man of feeling—in the moroseness of temper which is thereby engendered, and in the falling-off of that self-respect which is the sheet-anchor of character. These things, when they come upon a man whose heart, though his hands cannot be, is always in his duty, are a burden which no power of language can adequately describe. Necessity, to him, broods like an everlasting nightmare upon his thoughts;—he wipes his distracted brow and looks clearly up to Heaven; but, though his conscience cannot pronounce judgment against him, there sits upon his soul a weight of care and sorrow which can never be displaced;—he finds, to be sure, in those domestic occupations to which he is bound, a general freedom from self-condemnation, nay, it may be, a heaven-born satisfaction; but, ever and anon, his imagination all awake, he hears the lamb bleating far

from the fold, or sees the wolf ravening in the fold, while another nearer care, a dearer pledge, a more pressing charge neglected, threatens to realize to himself, in earthly matters, the terrors of his apprehension in things spiritual.

I know not whether I have made myself intelligible, in this last statement—I know not, whether I have not laid myself open to animadversion; but, I know where the evil does operate, and, if not self-deceived, *why* it operates.

But it is a *positive* injury to any man—whether there be a remedy or not is another matter—that he go unremunerated. Of course, I now speak humanly—that which it pleases Omnipotence to bring upon us *is not an injury*. It may be a question whether the injury of which we are complaining be chargeable upon the untoward nature of things, or lie at the door of individual iniquity: but of this question I have not any thing to say. It demands to be shown that the injury sustained is positive.

Now there are many curacies as low as fifty pounds a-year, while that which I enjoy may be considered nearly the other extreme. On each side we except some extraordinary cases, too rare to enter into a general statement. We ask, then, if it be possible, according to the present state of the world and herein of the Church of England in particular, for a man to

maintain himself and a family—in the same way as men of all classes, except the very lowest, do—upon the average pittance of a curate's stipend? Nay, even with the *maximum*, there must be considerable difficulty, when the occurrence of accidents and misfortunes is taken into the account. It is an argument in favour of a scale of remunerations in our profession, that, thence, the lowest grade has the benefit of that general respectability and importance which belongs to the aggregate. This, as far as it goes, is good, and, supposing the curate always at liberty to make all honourable and consistent use of his borrowed plumes, may be pronounced nearly perfect; but, surely, it does not condescend to take in the case of a man who is obliged with an income less than that commonly paid to a superior groom in a gentleman's stables, to support the character and appearance of a gentleman. Enough—a bare competency—is what should be first contended for. When this has been obtained, the argument shall have my full approval; but, while this is not the case to any extent, then, common sense must maintain that, to such an extent, the curate is the object of *injury*, from whatever source it comes. Either his employer is the man; and he bears it because the prospect of bettering himself is remote, while the certainty of not gaining any thing by many

changes may well justify poor Richard's adage about *removes* and *the rolling stone*: or the state—the state of the Church is in fault; and where the supply is ample for the whole family, a provision ought surely to be made for every not undeserving member. “The work of the ministry”—that glorious work, by which the world is maintained in some correspondence with its Maker, raised up to a dependence upon its Saviour, and kept in mind of the coming of an Almighty Judge should not—must not—be neglected. We arrogate nothing to ourselves; but to THE WORK which is put into our unworthy hands we ask for the universal homage and subjection of all human interests, motives, speculations and opinions,—a work based indeed, like the ladder in the sacred dream, upon the surface of this impure globe, and tended by the frail descendants of Adam: but going up, amid the anxious concern of angels, through the clouds which obscure our feeble sight, appearing in heaven leaning upon the merits and mercies of our Lord, and retaining yet an end and head in the presence of God, though darkness and confusion, sin and impiety, weakness, depravity and guilt, be crowded round its resting-place on earth.

I should here have closed my work; but friend-

ship bids me notice an event which, while it intimately affects my own feelings, will not, unless the accounts related in some of the foregoing chapters have utterly failed of their expected influence, be without the solace of commiseration in the mind of my reader.

CHAPTER XL.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New; which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour.

BACON.

They loved with that calm and noble value which dwells in the heart, with a warmth like that of life-blood.

ADDISON.

ANOTHER year had now been added to B——'s residence in Ireland, and he began seriously to meditate the necessity of again endeavouring to effect an exchange of preferment, by which he might be enabled once more to possess a home in the land of his fathers. This, he was well aware, if possible at all, must be attended with the greatest sacrifice—nay, frequently did he assure me that the offer of a situa-

tion, equal in comfort and emolument to my own, would almost induce him to give up his living, the proceeds of which were become even less than my own income. 'Tis hope, however—the hope of better days—which keeps a man in humour with his lot, however hard and trying it may be. *Nothing so bad that it might not be worse* is a proverb which, while it might teach men to apprehend an aggravation to their sufferings, supported him, as it has done thousands, under circumstances truly lamentable, with the too often illusive promise of “a goodly day to-morrow.”

The last collection of tithe had been rendered most hazardous—indeed so much so that, at the entreaty of Julia, Robert had never appeared personally in even the *pro formâ* measures which were unavoidable. *Agitation* was now in its full growth; and, while the deluded tenantry were flattered with the promise, on the part of their mob-orators, and, it is to be feared, of those whose oratory had at least the sanction of a house of prayer, of entire *emancipation*, they seemed to conceive themselves let loose from all the obligations of a civil life, free to follow the dictates of an inflamed and perverted judgment, devoted through blood and rapine to the cause of universal *liberty*, and owing to be obedient to no restraints save the very gentle ones which were laid upon them by those

who undertook, and were blindly invested with, the office of deciding for them.

I felt, indeed, deeply concerned in my friend's case, and, as will be readily supposed, the delicate connection which existed between the two families, rising beautifully, as it had done, from the sweet and sunny waters of a long course of tried and exalted friendship, rendered the feeling of sympathy by no means peculiar to myself. "For Heaven's sake," I said in my haste, "let this question of tithes be put at rest, if possible, for ever!" But, no: we have duties, owing to our fellow creatures, which, though in these days we scarcely know how to perform them, should be got over, perhaps, at any rate, rather than see the blood of our fellow subjects mark out the track which leads to flagrant rebellion:—we owe to ourselves duties, which a man of peace would gladly forego, if, thereby, the arm of malice might be unnerved:—but, there are duties due to the great Lord and Judge of all men, which we have it not lawfully in our power to compromise, however strong the temptation, or however fiery the persecuting rage of our enemies. *Protestantism*—professing to be, and being, when contrasted with the system sought to be imposed at least upon Ireland, the repository of the true faith—the primitive faith of our islands, is, like the Ark of God, committed to our keeping; and we must maintain it,

or the glory of our nation sinks, perhaps, for ever. Gentile darkness has smiled in its genial rays, and no part of the earth but has felt the influence of its steady and unwavering light: but, let Popery again rear its head in our hitherto favoured land—let the house be divided against itself, and no longer may we look for these effects. Our commerce, no longer sanctified as the means of spreading Gospel-light, may lose its blessing: our national importance, now so dependent on our commerce, may survive the sun of our greatness only to weep, in the dim twilight of distraction, over the remains of what *was* free, glorious, and happy, but now—a dark foreboding of the coming night.

It is this feeling in which we see the paramount necessity of upholding the Protestant establishment in Ireland, as in every part of our dominions, even against a majority of numbers: for, as truth can never lose in a comparison with error—*veritas non recipit magis ac minus*—so the raising-up of but one pair of Protestant hands, in defence of purity, is sufficient plea for the execution of that power, which belongs to the mother Church, in furtherance of the slow (it may be) but (eventually) sure work of unadulterated Christianity. Pilate was not ashamed, in the face of a vast and angry multitude, to take water and wash his hands of the foul stain of the

murder of the incarnate Jesus ; nor should any ruler, overawed by the array of physical opposition, with a due sense of the value of but one immortal soul, fear to exclaim “ I am innocent of the blood of this just person ! ”

But our work demands of us a more contracted range, and I must inform my reader, that the affairs of my friend in Ireland were reduced to such a pass that, on more than one occasion, his house was surrounded with bands of the peasantry, who required, in a written manifesto, a full, final, and unequivocal release of all his rights to tithes—promising, if he would accede to this, protection and support for his family ; but menacing, in case of *contumacious resistance*, the *death's head and cross-bones*, with an assurance that his house should be fired. From one of these sieges, he was relieved by the dexterity of Robert, who, contriving to make his way to the hall, brought Mr. R——, with a *posse comitatus* of his household servants ; and that gentleman, whose popularity secured him from harm, after a short but pithy harangue, succeeded in persuading the mob to retire peaceably to their own homes.

The second *appeal* of the populace was not followed by such fortunate results, as, Mr. R——, being in London, engaged with parliamentary business, was denied the happiness of exerting his personal influ-

ence; and the threats of the invaders were such as to induce poor B —, with his wife and child, to seek safety in flight, and that protection, in the cover of a neighbouring plantation, which the laws, in this unhappy island, were unable to afford him in his own house. Some wanton outrages were committed, an insulting and domineering notice was served upon one of the domestics in the name of his master, an oath of secrecy was administered at the point of the musket, and then, disappointed of their intention to observe the same orders with regard to the master, the party left the house with a yell of "*Down with the sassenach!*"

The most alarming of the consequences was a severe attack of inflammation from cold, which rendered B —'s removal to Dublin absolutely necessary; and thus, "the end of the rebels," to use the language of Robert, "was compassed in the removal of the family, and in the want and misery of no small number of poor Protestants who had received daily food and other necessaries from the parsonage." Not that the beneficence of B —, or his wife, was partial in its intentions; but, so far had been carried the system of war, that the Papist poor were, if not under an absolute interdict, by some means or other denied the helping hand of "the b —y Protestant minister."

It was surprising, it must be confessed, that a man of B—'s conciliating manners and generally diffusive generosity—qualities which were ardently shared by his wife, and her brother—should have fared so ill among men, possessing, at all events, a common nature and the common attributes of discrimination and observation. But, whether some infernal spirit chafed and goaded by the fear of losing something by the prepossessing properties of its victims—whether that firm and unbending purpose which might, in the jaundiced eye, be noted as the indication of a stern tyranny of disposition—whether the general feeling of hate which disregards all claims and distinctions, and therein differs so widely from the more generous warfare of the most ruthless ages—it might be that the exterminating quality, which cannot bear a rival, hated him for his very goodness, as this goodness was likely to operate in favour of the Protestant cause even with the friends and adherents of its dark antagonist:—whatever was the cause—whether any one of these, or any combination of them, stirred up the fiendish sport, I do not pretend to determine. The hosts of the idolater prevailed, and “an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile,” now lay stretched upon the bed of sickness—his faithful wife, the attendant and partner of his noble grief, an approving conscience the reward of his endurance,

and a good and gracious Providence, ready to cheer his departing soul with a "Well done! thou good and faithful servant!" his never-failing friend and defender.

The worst feature of all this enormity, and that which stamps its hellish character upon the brooding incubus, was that no symptoms of remorse seemed to follow this catastrophe—nor do I mean to insinuate that a glorying in their shame was visible in the conduct, or resident in the hearts, of its authors. It was that dead and apathetic languor which arrests the limbs, and glazes the eyes, of the beast of prey, now that his victim is consumed, and his rapacity for a while, at least, allayed; or, it was that careless, regardless indifference, which one might perceive, after the destruction of a beloved infant, in the deportment of those brutes which sometimes vent their native disrelish of the rule of man upon the most innocent and unoffending of his relations. The parsonage yet stood, unmolested for the future; but the gloom of its unlighted windows was only like the sullen darkness of that dominion which blinds the eyes and sears the conscience of its subjects. It brought, or seemed to bring, no reflections to the restless minds which roved about, not in search of anything, but with no settled purpose, and perhaps, for this reason, ever addicted to the guidance of those sudden impulses of fury and

blindness which are to be thrown upon them, almost without any responsibility on their part. Like the scattered clouds of heaven, liable to be called into direful compact, they may or may not become, at the bidding of their master-spirit, the out-pourings of a tempest, or the ingredients of a whirlwind. They are creatures without conscience, and, therefore, without remorse. Gratitude they have in abundance; but it is a servile feeling, and of little use to check the unbridled fury of the passions. I know not, where we shall find an explication of all these mysteries, if we seek it not in that subjection of principles to infatuation, which must characterize a religion which, instead of the commandments of God, receives the traditions of men, and which, while it claims infallibility, arrogates the power of forgiveness of sins.

But, lest I should forget an *oasis* which smiled even in this benighted desert, let me name one extenuating circumstance. There were some poor widows and a few orphan children, who had been in the habit of receiving constant succours from the vicarage; and who, now that B—— was removed from his parish, cherished a melancholy remembrance of his kindness, and a pure love for his character. There was an occasion, on which Robert was sent to the parsonage on business of a nature which must be attended to,

and B——, mindful of his poor dependents, and fearing lest the few servants, left upon the premises, might not have opportunity or inclination to comply with his directions, in the continued relief of their necessities, commissioned Robert to visit them, and inquire personally into their state.

Upon his arrival, he accordingly sought out the objects of this part of his errand. It was evening twilight ; and the village, owing to an assemblage in the neighbourhood which had drawn off all the men to the hearing of their favourite dogmas or the pursuit of their singular predilection for fighting, was still as death. Most of the cabins were deserted, some few were left in charge of the aged and infirm or children, and not a few were made fast. He, however, gained sufficient information to induce him to go in quest of the parties he wished to see towards the vicarage, in which direction they had not long before been observed to go. "How's the Reverend?" whispered one of the few he met with in his way, as he passed, and, "Pray how does my leedy?" another, as if afraid to be overheard in their suspicious inquiries; until, at length, the vicarage gate swung upon its hinges, and the notes of the latch seemed to awake the silent sleep of the deserted lawn. He walked slowly and musingly along the carriage-road, until he reached the wicket which led into the nearest foot-

path to the house. Whether, from an association of ideas, or in order to indulge in the calmness of the solitude which reigned around, he soon turned into a still more secluded path, which led through a thick plantation of laurel, holly and other ever-greens, to a little grotto of B——'s contrivance, and where he used, in company with Julia, or often alone, to enjoy the refinement of meditation. Sauntering along, with feelings which were all his own, it seemed suddenly as if a figure darted across the opening beyond the deep shade in which he was walking. It might have been a sheep, a hare, or even a bird; for his eyes were not in that direction; and he thought little more about it. A thrush left her nest as he passed; and he was curious to seek the abode of a being who could, at all events, dwell in those retreats free from the persecution of mankind; and he was looking, pryingly, under and above the boughs of a laurel, as he parted them carefully, when a sound broke upon his ear, soft and low, but sweet as a voice from heaven. He paused—let the boughs gently one by one from his hands—turned his ear, and gradually drew up into the shade. It was the “concord of sweet sounds,” but so gentle that it might have been the music of the imagination. The strain was a holy one—“*Angels ever bright and fair*”—he knew it well, and the recollection brought a tear from his manly heart. It

was done; and he proceeded—with caution but (as might well be) with a fearlessness as placid as it was sanctified. He approached the grotto; and there solitude——no, it was not solitude—the spirit of Jesus was in the midst of two or three assembled in private prayer. On their knees, were the women he had sought, surrounded by their innocent children; and their faces were bathed in the tears of a grateful and pious remembrance. Their song was that which Julia had taught the little girls to sing—their prayer was that by which Heaven, in mercy, was pleased to consecrate the former abode of him who was now “free among the dead.” Yes! B——, those voices were thy vespers, and that prayer, though it arrived too late, was registered in the “*recording angel's*” book—Julia was a widow, and her prattling infant was an orphan. His fever, which had long baffled human skill, had subdued a constitution framed for long life and health; and, as those heart-felt strains went up to heaven, mingled with the tears of saints, the bell of St. Catharine's announced to the thoughtless multitude that one more soul had crossed the boundary of the grave.

What more can I say of this event? Silence shall tell the praises of my friend; while no words can portray that vacuum of unrelenting sorrow which seems to distend and swell the heart of him who has now writ-

ten all he has to write, and commends his little book to the kindness and indulgence of those into whose hands it may chance to fall. May thy last end be as (unless the gentle and unvaried tenour of his life deceived the world) the last end of B—— !

“ A death-like sleep !

A gentle wafting to immortal life !”

THE END.

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